

The TATLER

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London
February 22, 1939



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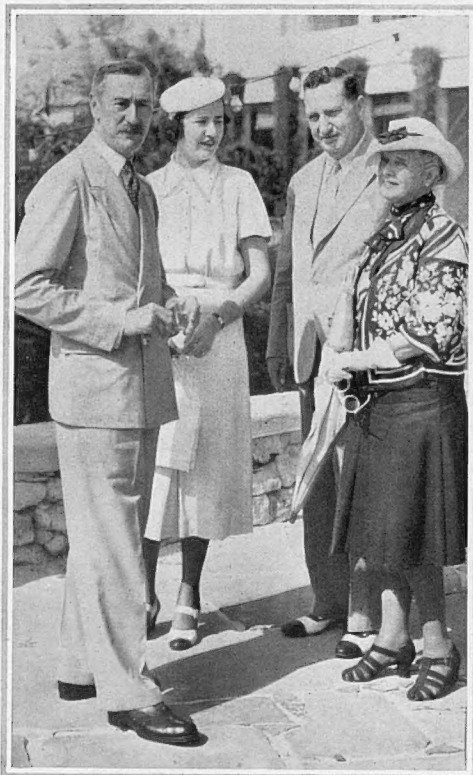


Photo: Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street

LADY MOIRA COMBE AND MISS AUDREY COMBE, HER DAUGHTER

The only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Lady Moira Combe is to be presented at one of this season's Courts by her mother. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Seymour Combe is a son of Captain Henry and Lady Jane Combe, and is in The Blues (Reserve), the same regiment as his father was before him. Lady Moira Combe is the elder daughter of the 7th Earl of Clonmell, the peerage now being extinct. For information, the dates of the five Courts are March 9, 15, 16, July 12 and 13

And the World Said—



THE GOVERNOR OF THE BAHAMAS

H.E. the Hon. Sir Charles Dundas with Mrs. William Hennessey, an attractive New Yorker, Mr. R. W. Taylor and the Hon. Lady Dundas enjoying West Indian sunshine in the garden of Government House, Nassau. Sir Charles Dundas, who is an uncle of Lord Melville, has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bahamas (now very much a playground) since 1937. Mr. Taylor is Treasurer of the Bahamas Government and member of the executive and legislative councils

"There are three lovely things, the old man said.
Galloping horses: and a ship
at sea
And men and women
dancing from delight.
Some say a cornfield, or a
moonlit night:
But for myself, I stand
beside the three,
As being beauty perfected
with might.
No nobler wonders are, or
can be made."
John Masefield in
Tribute to Ballet.

A MOONLIT night say I, when the Florida moon is in its first, slender quarter; lying on its back above Lake Worth (forget the sewage of West Palm Beach) and perceptible from a patio through leaning palm trees in which magic lighting by



EGYPTIAN ROYALTIES AT AN ART SHOW

H.M. Queen Farida (centre), H.M. King Farouk's lovely consort, with her sister-in-law, H.R.H. Princess Fawzia, her mother-in-law, H.M. Queen Nazli (right), and Mohamed Mahmoud Khalil Pasha (left) at an exhibition of nineteenth-century French sculpture and of the work of Moukhtar, the Egyptian artist, held not long since in Cairo. Princess Fawzia, eldest sister of the King of Egypt, becomes the bride of the Crown Prince of Iran on March 16. Mohamed Mahmoud Khalil Pasha is President of the Senate and General Commissioner for Egypt

Mr. Wendel, who was discovered by Elsie Mendl (more poetry), has been concealed to point up the cacti whose grotesque angularity is indistinguishable from modern garden furniture half visible after dinner, in a haze of

distantly throbbing radio ("My Heart belongs to Daddy"), the tinkling of Sanka cups (no one takes cawfee in Palm Beach; think of the consequences), the winging of compliments, with an occasional mosquito. American men say such wonderful things—silly but comforting—not like Englishmen who would never join the ladies if it wasn't for the servants ("Help" in the sensitive U.S.) wanting to wash up. Apropos of which assertion Mr. Ralph Beaver Strassburger recently sent invitations to boy friends in New York reading "Stag Party. White Tie. Dancing." What do you make of that? But on the patio the apropos comes in a firm Chicago voice from the owner of eyes like square sapphires, expressively and expensively, dark. "I find Englishmen say the most enchanting things to me; maybe American women in London are like the Russian Ballet—good for British inhibitions." There are no pictorial inhibitions here if the walls happen to belong to Mrs. Charles H. Chadwick who has a complicated Dali in her villa; some swell Chirico horses (with arched Zinkeisen necks); and one



PAULETTE GODDARD AND ALDOUS HUXLEY

Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in *Modern Times*, checking over the programme with the famous author of *Brave New World* and other literary sensations, before the curtain went up on Constance Collier's new theatrical season in Los Angeles. They were members of a large party brought by the one and only Mr. Chaplin who is soon going to be busy over his first talkie, *The Dictators*. Paulette Goddard has a big part in M-G-M's *Dramatic School*

of Raoul Duffy's impressions of a race at Longchamp, or possibly Deauville, but certainly not Hialeah or Saratoga because the Rothschild colours lead. Her house would be the perfect setting for a Noel Coward playlet; I expect "Gertie" Lawrence to be folded on one of its white sofas stubbing her cigarette in something embryonic made of jade, but instead there is Boutet de Monvel, the French artist whose good looks are legendary, like his Norfolk jackets, which reminds me that Baron Maurice de Rothschild was here but found the climate too clement for his Inverness cape, and that the Coward-Lillie show is half-and-half. New York considers Lady Peel reaches her burlesque-ing best; Penelope Dudley-Ward looks divine, and the new Menzies boy delightful—but that Mr. Coward repeats his tricks with less adroitness than before; while those who go places complain about some of the material having been used in his last London show. As an example of what not to say, I repeated this quibble to Mr. Gilbert Miller, whose theatrical genius lies in finding a play which has run for two years in, say, Hungary (and don't blame me if Hungary is no longer there when you read this), and presenting it by rotation in London and New York, or vice versa. Naturally, the craving for entirely new material makes no impression on him; indeed, it is no use trying to get Gilbert to talk about the theatre at all. He invariably sleeps through straight plays (the tenser the deeper) and by turning on the radio in his room after lunch is now in training to sleep through musicals. "Of course, it's more difficult, but Kitty says I will succeed," he adds complacently. The Millers' latest acquisition, aside from a gold and diamond dahlia on her plain yellow beach dress, is a play by two brilliant people—Albert Savoir and Princesse Marthe Bibesco. It is called *Le Roi des Enfants* and the plot bears some resemblance to events in boyhood of ex-King Alphonso. Whether

are very happily settled at the Italian Embassy in Brussels) accelerated an already hectic *tempo* until house parties were breakfasting, like the Snark, at five o'clock tea and dining on the following day. No one knew for certain who was staying



MARRIED LAST WEDNESDAY

Mr. John de László, youngest son of the late Mr. Philip de László, the famous portraitist, and his very pretty young bride, Miss Peggy Cruise, leaving Holy Trinity Church, St. Marylebone, after they had been married by the Bishop of Chichester. Sir Richard Cruise, Surgeon Occulist to Queen Mary, gave away his daughter, who received from Her Majesty a lovely pearl-mounted gold evening bag as a wedding present. Mrs. John de László has hunted with the Whaddon under her father's wing ever since she was quite small. She rides beautifully

it opens in London or New York, my belief is that Gilbertian timing will be historic.

Palm Beach life is considerably changed from two seasons back when dances before the memorable Sandford-Pansa nuptials (they

the American word "jitterbug" when he applied it to our *fainéants* at home) have had a combined reaction, making for less care-freespending, more thinking, reading, talking—mainly talking. It is quite impressive to hear these charming people so concerned with the future of the world instead of yesterday's scandal; a cynic might suggest they are worrying about their own skins, but the more hopeful see in this earnest thrashing out of values a revival of conversation as it was, when to know something of politics, ethics and the arts, were part of a civilized person's parlour equipment—before the cream drowned in the café, if you get me Steve, and they say Steve's book is tops. I found a he-man devouring it in California; but Palm Beach only reads the news and the financial pages. That successful financier, Mr. Philip Hill, is entertaining guests at Mrs. Emerson's villa, including Lady Castlerosse, whose ankles are well suited by her sun-bathing uniform—a set of "dusty pink" silk shorts. Mrs. Hill is looking forward to the arrival of Mrs. Critchley (better remembered as Diana Fishwick), who should be staying at "Charlie" Munn's mansion when you read this, as they both play better golf than most of the local girls and carry off the sideboard ornaments. Switching



IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND

Count John de Bendor and his wife, the former Lady Patricia Douglas, at Gstaad, where they are ski-ing with tremendous zest. Count John de Bendor who, as Mr. John de Forest won the British Amateur Golf Championship in 1932, married Lord Queensberry's daughter just over a year ago, when she was only nineteen. They went round the world for their honeymoon and now make their home in Norfolk Street, Park Lane

where, or with whom; meaning with which host and hostess and not what you might think. The climate is still balmy most of the time, and many of the same decorative people sun-bathe, swim, lunch on their patios, play golf and look in at the Alibi—a popular innovation run by generous Captain "Ali" Mackintosh, who named it with inevitable wit—but nights are peaceful now; some dinner-parties with bi-weekly outings to the Patio or the Everglades for dancing, and many quiet movie or backgammon evenings at home. No big parties as yet, and very probably none to come, because the Roosevelt pinch and the European jitters (Sir Samuel Hoare did not grasp



A COTTESMORE OCCASION

Miss Hope-Johnstone, Sir Thomas Ainsworth, The Hon. Mrs. Victor Gilpin and Lady Ainsworth at Tilton village, from which fixture an outstandingly good day's sport followed. Sir Thomas Ainsworth whose experience of hunting Irish hounds is so wide, has been hunting pretty regularly in Leicestershire this season. Mrs. Victor Gilpin, wife of the well-known Newmarket trainer, is Lord Allendale's sister

And the World said—*continued*

from the Hills' patio, where Mr. Jules Bache says—between puffs at a colossal cigar—"I'm proud of the part I took in preventing America from joining the League of Nations," to the Jay O'Briens' pool, we find this decorative couple younger and better looking than ever; Jay sunnily certain, in his convincing Irish way, that Mr. Chamberlain has given us peace for two generations at least; Dolly telling a story against her own lipstick which is calculated to turn *bonne femme* into beetroot soup, and "fascinating Foxey," otherwise Mrs. Armstrong Gwynne, suggesting we have an international war with the baked apples and coco-nut cake. Someone accepts the challenge, consequently all talk at once until the garden echoes with "I thinks" and it boils down to asking the "Archie" Rainers, very humbly, if we may, with our children, grandchildren, dogs, cats, typewriters and other idiosyncrasies, share the island they have bought—a fishing paradise somewhere between the Bermudas and the Bahamas—in the event of war; knowing perfectly well that none of us would willingly miss a trick in the front line, or as near it as makes no difference.

"We shall be in it with you," says the host solemnly shaking my hand, and then remembering his belief in the durability of Munich adds, unblushingly, "Not that there will be anything to worry about for either of us." Mr. Milton ("Doc") Holden has a second helping and keeps his hair on because that considerable Palm Beach character "Toni," the barber, has cut it for him by the edge of the pool. "Toni" never gets anybody's name right, and calls the socially great and very formal Mr. William Rhineland Stewart, who is rated America's best-dressed man, "Will Stoo, Sir" which causes merriment. The Stewarts arrived from that long New York train trip looking as fresh as paint to stay at Amado, one of the twin Munn residences which were the first houses in Palm Beach, according to "Charlie" Munn who occupies one—brother Gurnee t'other. Gurnee Munn's only daughter, Fernanda, though not a great beauty, like her mother, is a sweetly pretty débutante who puts her clothes on nicely, and no side. She was one of the group in what her uncle describes as the only patio facing the white ocean breakers in all Palm Beach, partaking of what his uncle, Mr. Noel Munn, calls cafeteria lunch. Some drug store is all I can say! The atmosphere was tinged with more than faint regret because of the imminent departure of Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, who is back in England now "minding," as we say in Scotland, many valuable horses. He pays an annual visit to the Wideners which usually ends just as the Palm Beach whirl gets gyrating; though literally it has been ticking since before Christmas. Indeed most hostesses set their social watches by the date of "dear Cecil's" departure, but I cannot see any difference between the season and the high season, except that you have to wait longer on the golf course as the year grows older, and by the middle of March there is no standing room in the Alibi.

From Scotland comes news of a general evacuation—Lord and Lady Forteviot having left for Nassau; Mrs. Stirling of Keir for London to look after son Peter, who is in the Spanish Section at the F.O.; Mrs. McGrigor of Kippendavie on a West Indies cruise with her red-haired Monica (a débutante of next year) and her parents-in-law; Sir Kay and Lady Muir on a grand American tour which will include both the New York World's Fair and the San Francisco Exposition

with a stop-over in California to visit her charming sister "Chou" Guepin; and Lord and Lady Elgin are planning a long London sojourn as their daughter, Lady Martha Bruce, is a débutante of the year. The new Member for Perthshire divides his time between Westminster and his Coldoch estate, which is ably run by his lovely young wife. Mr. Snadden, by the way, has not yet made his maiden speech and, talking of speeches, reminds me that before her departure Lady Muir addressed a gathering of women in Glasgow and quoted a new motto for Mr. Chamberlain—"The hail of your insults will never pierce the umbrella of my indifference." This historic sentence was apparently first uttered many years ago in the French Chambre des Députés by veteran Comte Albert de Mun, grandfather of that "queen" of anglers, Princesse Jean de Caraman-Chimay, who will soon be fishing in Normandy where the Caraman-Chimays own a water; the Princesse is reputed to have caught more salmon in Scotland than any other Frenchwoman.

Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella cropped up again at Claridge's, where black umbrellas, complete with crook handles, were used as menus at the Chainmakers' League Luncheon at

which Mrs. Chamberlain was the guest of honour, and received the guests—no mean task as the room was packed. The object was funds plus new members for a "charity" which is to send Conservative speakers into the poorer constituencies. Lord Stonehaven took the chair, and others there were Lady Hamond-Graeme, vice-chairman of the league; Mrs. H. B. Tate, who once sat for Willesden and is now the Member for Frome; Mr. Ronald Cross the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade; Lady Malmesbury with Lord Greville as her neighbour; Lady (Ian) Malcolm provided a bright touch with her royal blue hat, and Lady Illingworth wore her silver foxes. The same hotel was the setting for the Arden Society Dinner—the society for artists and writers exiled in England which has the motto "Comrades and brothers in exile." Its patrons include such diverse personalities as the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Professor Hilton, Augustus John, Dame Marie Tempest and Elisabeth Bergner. The Archbishop of York and his wife, Mrs. William Temple, received the guests, and later His Grace made a speech, as did Miss Helen Simpson and Sir Muirhead Bone, the well-known etcher

and painter who was Official Artist in France and with the Fleet during the War. There was a good gathering including Mr. Humbert Woolf, civil servant and poet; that popular and inveterate first-nighter, Sir "Eddie" Marsh; authoress Rose Macaulay and Lord Bessborough's heir, Lord Duncannon, who has taken up acting as a career.

I found a youthful contingent at the cocktail-dansant at the Florida celebrating the joint birthdays of Miss Mary Rose Charteris (who is almost the double of her sister, Lady Long) and Mr. Norman Parsons, nephew of Sir Herbert Parsons. Guests included Lady Iris Mountbatten chatting with Mr. Charles Harding, a very popular *beau*; Mr. Geoffrey Russell-Hay, who was the only passenger on the *Berengaria's* last voyage to Tynemouth; that expert gardener, Miss Bettyne Lindsay-Everard; Kenneth Mackenzie, brother of the Laird of Dolphinton; Giles Vandeleur, just back from Egypt and Palestine with the Irish Guards—he is a grandson of the late Lord Knaresborough; and lovely Lesley Turner, a débutante from "down under," who has since gone off to ski at Villars before the excitement of the Courts and her first Season.



SKI FOR THREE AT ST. MORITZ

Princess Alexandra of Greece, her mother Princess Aspasia, and Princess Donskaia, set off for Corviglia Club from the Palace Hotel. Princess Alexandra, only child of H.M. the late King Alexander of Greece, is exceptionally good on skis and has been racing with success, this winter-sporting season. Princess Donskaia was née Koudayaroff

THE LEAGUE of ST. NICHOLAS BALL in AID of WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.



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MISS DEBORAH GREEN-WILKINSON, THE MASTER OF
ELPHINSTONE, MISS JOCELYN VERNEY AND MR. ALAN WIGRAM

Lord and Lady Wigram received the guests at this big ball at Claridge's last week, and if, as is said, the financial result was as good as the ball itself, then the hospital rebuilding fund has had a further help along towards collecting the very much-needed money. Lord Wigram is the president of the hospital, and in other entities Lieutenant-Governor of Windsor Castle and a permanent Lord-in-Waiting to H.M. the King, appointments which cap a long and honourable term of service in the Royal Household. Another member of the staff of the Household represented at this ball was Sir Louis Greig, one of whose daughters is seen at a pause in the proceedings with Mr. Hugh Ross. The Master of Elphinstone, *vide* another group, is Lord Elphinstone's son and heir and, through his mother, who was formerly Lady Mary Bowes-Lyon, a nephew of H.M. the Queen



IRENE VON MEYENDORFF IN "CARNIVAL 1939"

Whether London is to have the privilege of seeing either the charming lady or the new German film, of which one of the scenes is depicted in the above picture, has not yet been disclosed. *Carnival 1939* was made by the Tobis Company of Berlin

WHAT exactly does one mean when one says, "This is a good film!" At the conclusion of *The Outsider*, the new film at the Regal, I sat for some time "blasted with ecstasy" at a conclusion so imbecile that the inmates of a lunatic asylum would not stand for it. And then I found myself telling the management that I thought it was a very good film and that I should advise my readers to see it. And so I do! Its concluding moment is of an idiocy to make aborigines blush. But up to that moment it is an exciting and even a compelling film. Let me go back to the beginning.

Miss Dorothy Brandon's play, when it was first put on at the St. James's in 1923, made something of a sensation. Bone-setting was very much in the air, and perhaps this is the place for a little story about a family practitioner who called in a specialist to a patient. The great man pronounced sentence of immediate doom. A year later, the family doctor, meeting the specialist in the street, told him that he had just returned from a luncheon party held to celebrate the patient's complete recovery. "You must have given him the wrong treatment!" said the great man icily. For, of course, there is one thing which annoys the professional more than anything else. This is when, after he has failed at a job, some amateur comes along and succeeds. Whereupon all that is left for the professional to do is to call the other fellow a quack. Let me not, however, get side-tracked into a discussion about professional status, which would be as much out of place in the TATLER as film criticism would be in *The Lancet*. Lalage Sturdee had been a cripple from childhood, though nothing could have been more crippled about her than the pronunciation of her first name, a pronunciation which defies phonetic spelling. I can only tell you that Lalage is made to rhyme with "garage," with that word pronounced in the French manner! Her mother dying when she was born, her father who was a distinguished physician went off to the East leaving his little daughter in the hands of the local bone-setter, who made a mess of the child's hip. And then the father came back to find that it was too late to do anything. The most

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

What is a Good Film?

eminent surgeons were consulted and all shook their heads. So whenever Dr. Sturdee gave a party, there was nothing left for Lalage (pronounce as previously, please!) except to sit at her grand piano and compose tunes for sentimental operettes for which her fiancé, Basil, wrote the lyrics. Now about this time there was working in the East End of London an osteopath who, it seemed, had achieved some wonderful cures. This, of course, greatly annoyed Harley Street, largely for the reason that the fellow wouldn't keep to the East End, but had the impudence to poach upon their preserves. Hips, thighs, tibias, fibulas which were to be reckoned among Harley Street's oldest friends, deserted their former allegiance, paid one visit to Ragatzy, and being cured were seen no more. And Harley Street just could not bear this. It would not agree that Ragatzy was a jolly good fellow, and it just couldn't bring itself to utter the words "Hip-hip-hurrah!" Instead, Ragatzy had to be proscribed.

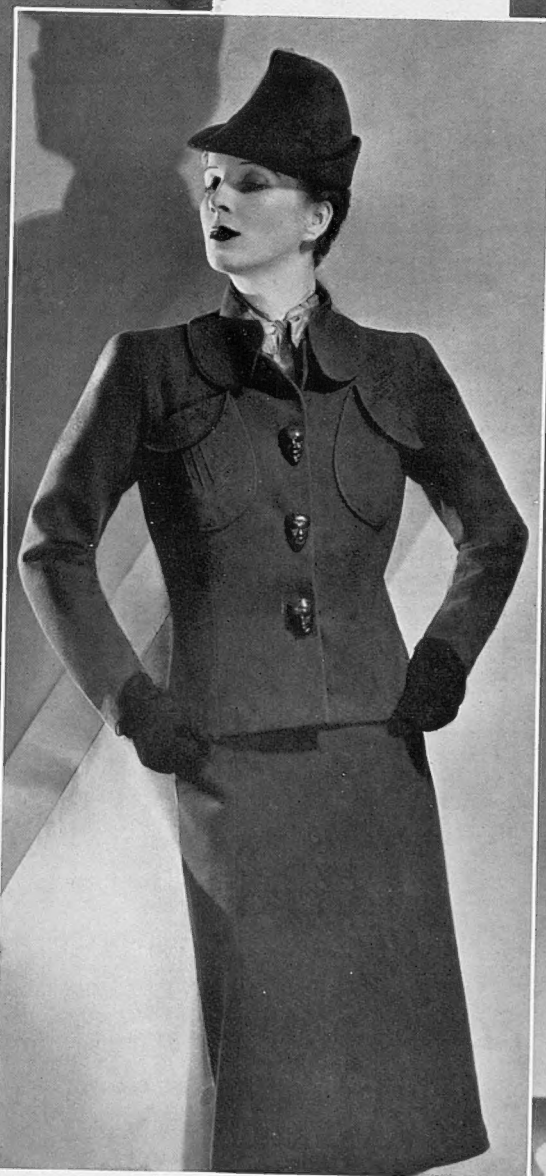
This is the place to say that one's sympathies in this matter were very much with Harley Street. It is true that Mr. Frederick Leister, who plays Lalage's father, and Messrs. Kynaston Reeves, Edmond Breon, Ralph Truman, Walter Hudd, and Fewlass Llewellyn, playing the other doctors, didn't look as though they were particularly dab hands at curing anybody of anything. But at least they were the kind of consultants that no man would object to seeing in his wife's bedroom. Whereas everything about Ragatzy was objectionable, from his button-hole to an oily manner compounded in equal parts of the head waiter at his most subservient and the hairdresser's assistant at his cockiest. Mr. George Sanders, who plays Ragatzy marvellously, hits off the note. He makes Ragatzy common, yet not too common. You feel that while the fellow's table manners are perfect, he probably wears plush pyjamas. Now this gentleman has the notion that he can cure Lalage (don't let me down in the matter of pronunciation, please!). In his mind's eye he sees the newspaper headline: "Quack Succeeds Where Surgeon Fails." Besides, he has admired the young lady's music in the theatres, and recognizes that she has a soul! It would take too long to tell how Ragatzy wins the girl's confidence and persuades her to undergo a year's treatment on his stretching apparatus. Finally she consents, and as month succeeds month, we see her love for her fiancé weakening and her affection for Ragatzy increasing. And then the year is up, and all Harley Street is bidden to witness the great cure. It fails. Desperately the quack calls upon her to march. Whereupon she drops to the floor. Her lukewarm fiancé holds out his arms, and again she falls down. Then there enters Lalage's father, who strides up to Ragatzy and strikes him on both cheeks. Whereupon Lalage comes cantering over the drawing-room floor saying, "Father, strike not the man I love!" or words to that effect. For love has conquered!

I don't remember that Miss Brandon's play ever attained such heights of bathos. Turning up my old notes I find that I actually took the play seriously: "The whole of the second act is a paraphrase into Samuel Butler of all that Juliet whispers on the balcony. And if the insistence upon sex is a trifle overdone, it must be looked upon as a backwash of that surge of emotion which went to the play's creation. The theme is one after Ibsen's own heart." And so on, and so forth. In the film there is no pretence at seriousness, the insistence being upon over-seriousness! Or have I missed some Great Truth? Is it possible that, if I am a cripple, I can take up my bed and walk if the place I am to walk to is my mistress's bedroom? But that if I am merely to go down to the office I must remain flat on my back? Whatever the answer to these questions, I have pleasure in certifying that *The Outsider* is a capital film which all readers of the TATLER should visit. Accidentally, and not out of disrespect, I find that I have omitted to mention that Miss Mary Maguire plays Lalage. It should also, perhaps, be pointed out that this is an English film, made at Elstree, which makes its quality all the more remarkable.

CLOTHES AND THE WOMAN IN "DESIGN FOR LIVING"



DESIGN FOR
LUNCHING



MISS DIANA WYNYARD AND SOME OF HER WARDROBE
AS "GILDA" IN "DESIGN FOR LIVING" AT THE
HAYMARKET THEATRE

The brilliant thrusts of wit in Noel Coward's satire, in which Miss Diana Wynyard plays the heroine, are not exactly unaided by the attractive raiment that Gilda wears. She is a lady, who has two men madly in love with her and another sufficiently so to marry her and blow the consequences. If ever clothes helped an actress to put over sophisticated boredom, the beautiful costumes which are displayed in the above pictures must be the ones

BUTTONS ARE NEWS: NOTE THESE VERY
UNUSUAL ONES

Photos: Dorothy Wilding

BACK TO SECOND EMPIRE

CAPTAIN AND MRS. R. H. L. BRACKENBURY
WITH THE QUORN

Two invaders from Warwickshire snapped the day the Quorn were at Great Dalby. Captain Brackenbury is adjutant to the 69th (the Royal Warwickshire Regiment) Brigade R.A. (T.A.), which is now an anti-aircraft unit

A Leicestershire Letter.

HERE has been some good hunting this week. There was also some dancing last weekend, and it was officially announced that Jack Reid and Priscilla Willoughby are to face the matrimonial starting gate together shortly. More power to them, as they are both fond of a good horse and the chase, and possibly Priscilla will also school Jack at polo. Meanwhile, on Wednesday, the flag dropped for Rosemary and Arthur, who were duly wedded at Beeby. It is doubtful if a Belvoir Wednesday is a good day for a Leicestershire wedding, but the same applies to all other weekdays, so why don't Leicestershire couples start a new fashion and select Sunday? The Quorn Monday was difficult owing to a poor scent, but the same good fox from Willoughby Gorse gave quite a bit of fun before he was lost near Widmerpool covert.

A poor morning with the Belvoir on Wednesday was redeemed by a ninety-minute hunt in the afternoon, in which hounds ran fast at times and hunted with persistence over the heath country to Herring's.

Friday with the Quorn was a really good day over lovely country. The first hunt was a ring from Gartree Hill via Burrough Hill Wood, Adam's Gorse, Thorpe Satchville, Great Dalby and back to Gartree. They probably changed foxes in Adam's Gorse as the first part of the hunt was very fast and no fox could have stood up much longer. In the evening they ran fast again from Ashby Pastures to Rosara's Garden in Melton. A jolly homecoming for those who dwell in Melton, but not so good for those who live far away. Quite a lot of visitors out that day, and they must have had a good impression of the Quorn hounds and country.

Saturday morning with the Belvoir was rather dull, as hounds took a long time to kill a fox in Clawson Thorns. When the field moved off, Bill kindly relieved the tedium by cutting a lovely voluntary in full view of everyone. Later they had a good hunt across the Vale from Hose Thorns to Little Belvoir. Quite a lot of people are on the sick list now, including the Duke of Gloucester, Donnie Player and Charlie Cartwright. *Chacun a son tour.*

From the Shires and Provinces

From the Fernie.

Glorious sunshine attended us at Foxton on Monday, and with a springlike feeling in the air it was good to be alive. A fox from the Locks Spinney opened the day. It crossed the canal into an intricate district and probably being a vixen was left alone. Gumley was next called upon, and during the wait in the big park the unusual spectacle of a bride proceeding to her wedding caught the eyes of the foxhunters, who, raising hats, sped her on the way with good luck. Some time was spent in Gumley Wood with an impatient field pawing the ground outside, and it was not until John Ball was reached that we did any good. Then happened a dart over to Jane Ball and a glorious gallop over the Knaptoft pastures until our fox beat us in the Walton Valley. The gallant major took a broadside into a flooded drain—but being a well plucked one was soon up and going again. Loose horses were conspicuous at several points during the day, but no bad casualties reported. A late hunt from Walton Holt into Pytchley domains, and another from Bosworth Gorse amongst the Laughton hollows, closed a most enjoyable day. There was a strong muster on breezy Frisby top on Thursday. Amongst our visitors we had Lady Mountgarret from the York and Ainsty. All our guests must have been satisfied with the good sport which came their and our way. From 'Tamboro' hounds hunted beautifully past Billesdon, left-handed, to Life Hill in Quorn territory and skirting the Coplow on the right, crossed and re-crossed to Frisby and finally marked their fox to ground at Life Hill. A capital eighty minutes with some real rasps to negotiate. At one moment, fox and hounds were only two yards apart, yet Charles managed to save his brush. An outlier from Rolleston rattled along to Noseley and was caught in Coronation Spinney. Shangton Holt and Sheephorns provided further material; who gave some good fun around that area.



MR. AND THE HON. MRS. DEREK JACKSON

With the Heythrop on the day they met at Great Tew. Mr. Derek Jackson is the Oxford don who rides so well over fences, and piloted his own Princess Mir in the Grand National. The Hon. Mrs. Jackson is Lord and Lady Redesdale's second daughter, and was the Hon. Pamela Mitford before her marriage in 1936

From the Heythrop.

H Having freed ourselves at last from ice and snow, we have had some really good sport, which is particularly gallant to the many afflicted with what the natives here call "hen-flew-in-sir." On Monday we were entertained by Lord and Lady Wyfold at Sarsden House and it was extremely well stage-managed; scarcely had the decanters been replaced on the trays when a fox was away from an adjacent spinney. We were glad to see the swell captain hunting again, as we

feared that he had abandoned the chase in favour of landscape and for Covent Garden. A lady visitor came to grief, as also did her headgear, but we have no real reason to think this was due to talking through her hat. Wednesday at Great Tew provided a great day's hunting, inasmuch as we had two hunts each with a five-mile point and each mostly in Warwickshire country. We were sorry to see the colonel from Oddington kicked on the leg, and suggest that the best counter-irritant in such cases is a dose of gregory powder. Owing to the non-arrival of second horses, we are informed that in the evening hunt horses naturally blew up, but it is the second horsemen who should be blown up for allowing such a thing to occur. Friday at Moreton in Marsh was another good day, but, with rivers and railways, we did not get a square deal. There was a lot of grief—Captain Benn broke some ribs and the visiting M.F.H. took two tosses, but broke nothing except possibly brace-buttons.

(Continued on page 368)



THE CURZON CUP RIDERS, 1939

Flury

This year's Curzon Cup must have been run under conditions never experienced before. The race had to be postponed for six days owing to thaw, and even on the day of the race itself, the course was by no means as it should have been, and had it not been for the fact that several riders were due to return to London, it is doubtful whether the race would have been held when it was. W. A. R. Keddie, in spite of his injury, rode a careful third course, and won by the unusually large margin of 4'2 seconds

Names (left to right): (standing) C. Nater, J. Olendzki, Baron Gevers, M. Vernon, R. Fonjallaz, Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.C., M.P., the Hon. F. N. Curzon, C. J. Hodgson, Col. C. L. Hodgson, S. Ovsiewsky, J. Lawrence, J. Kennedy: (sitting) J. T. L. Baxter, Captain J. Nash, R. Harbord, W. A. R. Keddie, J. G. Crammond, R. Hawkes, H. C. Martineau and A. Thompson



AT MÜRREN: MR. DUDLEY DRAKEFORD AND MISS MARJORIE TULLOCH



SIR DUNCAN ORR-LEWIS PREPARES FOR THE PARSENN



SIR KEITH FRASER SNAPPED AT DAVOS



COMTE HENRI DE GRAMONT WITH Mlle. MEUNIER DU HOUSSOY

Weather conditions, or perhaps one should say, snow conditions, having returned to normal, winter sports in Switzerland are in full blast again, and all the resorts are packed out. Our camera's first port of call was Mürren, where it found those two crack ski-ers, Mr. Dudley Drakeford and Miss Marjorie Tulloch. Mr. Drakeford came in second in the Alpine Kandahar race, and is the Scottish Ski Champion, and a "Gold K." Miss Tulloch is the daughter of Mr. John Tulloch, of Ayrshire, and a member of the Kandahar Club committee. At Davos, Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis, who never misses a Swiss season if he can help it, was getting ready for a descent of the Parsenn; he is the second Baronet, and succeeded his father in 1921. Sir Keith Fraser was also at Davos; he came into the baronetcy in 1935 and can trace his lineage back to 807. That very popular and attractive Parisienne débutante, Mlle. Elsie Meunier du Houssoy, was at the same resort, and was just setting out for a ski-ing expedition with Comte Henri de Gramont, who is so well known in smart Parisian society



MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE AND LAURA LADY LOVAT
AT THE CATHOLIC STAGE BALL

Mr. Mackenzie was the author of that much-discussed book, "The Windsor Tapestry." His most recent work was "The North Wind," which finished the series of "The Four Winds of Love." Laura Lady Lovat is the mother of the present Lord Lovat, who was married last October to Miss Rosamund Broughton, daughter of Sir Delves and Lady Broughton

Rise and Fall of a Dictator.

E VOLUTION of human ideals always seems to fall foul of human nature, except, peradventure, in the beginning. Who at the time, for example, thought that the Sermon on the Mount would lead eventually to the Star Chamber, or the small company of disciples sent forth into the world to preach the Christian Gospel would have ended in a dozen or more Christian sects each warring against the other in their interpretation of brotherly love! But so it has always been; and so, perhaps, it will always be. Evolution, moral or otherwise, refuses to be hurried. After half-a-dozen revolutions, a dozen wars, after stress and turmoil and affliction, the civilising of humanity may, or may not, have progressed a metaphorical half-inch. And why? Well, usually because envy and ambition and a tendency of human beings, in the climax of their success, to believe they are gods, or at least ambassadors sent from on high, cause quick disintegration. And in the struggle for the undisputed triumph of *one* representative the original message somehow gets lost. It begins as human succour and ends in a discharge of guns. Once an ideal is successful, the originator of the programme ends by so associating himself personally with the victory that the least criticism, however well-meant, is considered treachery, and treason can only be punished by death. So what began as a symbolical dove ends by becoming a very actual vulture. Besides, once an ideal becomes static, subversion advances in battalions. No ambitious man can endure long the sight of another ambitious man having gained for himself a throne. Immediately a man is on a throne he has a throne to defend, since he cannot, being human, separate his throne from himself. It is much easier to go forward, pretending to fulfil the Word of God, than to pretend to fulfil the dictates of a dictator, for example.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

God is never static. So, consequently, neither is His Word. You may interpret it in a thousand directions. Thus, those countries which have tried deliberately to suppress Him have always ended by being themselves suppressed. You can't substitute a Lenin, or a Hitler, or a Mussolini and believe that with them the millennium has dawned at last: it hasn't. For one reason, these men, being human as we are ourselves, can, so to speak, be observed in the round. There is no mystery about them. Whatever they say can be contradicted. Whatever they do has its weaker, and so its uglier, side. Consequently, it is not very long before they are transplanted and another human being, equally temporary, pushes himself into their place, with, in the long run, the identical result. So what began as an ideal ends as a war. And that is how the human game goes on and on. If there is a sense of humour in heaven there must be a lot of ironical laughter up there.

The pity is that ninety per cent. of human beings have the millennium in their hearts. So close it is, yet never can they realise it. Or it is seized only to melt away in their hands. Of course, if we were all sensible, the dawn of a heaven-born era could break to-morrow morning. But we aren't. And because we are not lends utter confusion to the idealists. The moment an ideal touches the bedrock of human nature it splinters into a thousand pieces, simply because an ideal is always founded on one human pattern. Alas! each human being is a pattern unto himself, and so mass organisation will only succeed for a time. And the moment mass organisation has to be guarded at the point of the bayonet, decay has already set in.

And the whole history of the rise and fall of a human ideology is brilliantly told by Mr. H. G. Wells in his new novel, "The Holy Terror" (Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.). It is the tale of the rise and fall of a dictator. We meet him first of all as a horrid little boy, one of a small family. Because

he is by nature so horrid he is spoiled by his mother in order to evade the results of that horridness as much as possible. Nevertheless, he is a clever child in the showy, superficial aptitude of what passes as cleverness. He is shrewd and he is cunning. Nevertheless, he wins scholarships and eventually he goes to a university. And as he progresses in the educational scale he realises that his shrewdness and his cunning can win for him power over his associates. Early on he realises the mesmeric influence of words upon brains—the common kind—which find their convictions entirely through their emotions. His eloquence is an elastic gift and can be used as an instrument for any purpose which may fit his personal need. And from easy eloquence to politics is but a short step, since any natural gift demands its audience. Consequently young Rudie Whitlow marches on. He joins the Fascist movement in London. But presently the head of that movement realises that in Rudie there is a young man—not a disciple, but a rival. There is a revolution in the camp and Rudie seizes power, plus popularity: the headquarters of the Fascists become his. By this time, of course, he has conceived a "message." It is a message delivered straight to the common people the world over. The common people, who only demand peace and plenty, the opportunity for self-development and self-expression. It is addressed to a bored world—"bored now to explosive pitch . . . bored by all this incessant war preparation . . . bored by aimless violence, now here, now there . . . tired of hatred politics . . . tired of fresh murders every day . . . not indignant,

(Continued on page 334)



A FAMOUS CARTOONIST ON A
VACATION IN SWITZERLAND

Captain A. H. d'Egville, the well-known cartoonist is taking a holiday at Mürren. He was a co-founder of the Kandahar Ski-ing Club. Besides being an artist, he is at the same time an author, and has written numerous books on ski-ing, of which he is a gold medallist and winner of many open events



THE OLD LADY (NAOMI WARTON) AND
CASTRUCCIO (GEORGE BRADFORD)



GILLIAN LIND AS THE
DUCHESS OF AMALFI



JULIA (DIANA DUVAL) AND DELIO
(MALCOLM RITCHIE)



THE DUKE FERDINAND (DAVID DOBELL)
AND BOSOLA (MICHAEL CATT)



THE DUCHESS, HER SON (KEITH STANMORE)
AND ANTONIO (PETER POTTER)



SILVIO (ANTHONY WOODRUFF) AND
THE CARDINAL (CHRISTOPHER THOMAS)

By putting on this Webster play, which was written about 1612 but not published till 1623, the O.U.D.S. have made a breakaway from Shakespeare: an ambitious one, as some people have said, for Webster is not everybody's meat, and this play of horror demands very skilful handling. The Society were lucky in having the services of Mr. Maurice Colbourne as their producer, and even more so in securing Miss Gillian Lind to play the Duchess. She created Katharine Howard in *A Rose Without a Thorn*, playing opposite the late Frank Vosper. She had a big success in *Clive of India*, and more recently in *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*. Mr. Maurice Colbourne is a former President of the O.U.D.S. and now a well-known actor. All the parts were well sustained in this by no means easy play. Mr. David Dobell played the tyrannous Duke Ferdinand very well indeed; and Mr. Michael Catt was a most workmanlike Bosola, the homicidal gentleman who piles the stage with corpses—an absolute orgy of murder, difficult for any actor to present. Mr. Christopher Thomas was an excellent Cardinal of this very reprehensible period; and Mr. Peter Potter's Antonio, the steward whose charm of manner was his undoing, also took honours. The whole cast, in fact, deserve felicitations

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

not excited . . . bored. Bored and baffled. . . .” The idea behind it all is a Common World State, a State where there is one international law, one justice, one regimentation: the sublimation of the common, ordinary, peace-loving man.

The end, of course, is a world-revolution—a war so gigantic that at the finish all the ideas, the institutions, the beliefs, the power, the old glory have been swept completely away and there reigns in their stead a kind of Christian brotherhood defended by a drawn sword. In this process Rudie has become world-dictator. Without actually being God, his power is more tangible, more apparent. Then, when the end is reached, decay sets in. The God-like atmosphere surrounding the dictator has to be kept up. And in his supreme state Rudie quickly begins to believe in his own divinity. Madness lies ahead. Any criticisms, any movement within the movement of which he is not the organiser and the final “word” is treachery, only to be punished by death. Jealousy, envy, intrigue among his subordinates, poison the rarefied air of his absolutism. So far as Rudie and his Common World State are concerned, the end has been reached. He is now an impediment to further change, if not necessarily progress. He should die, but he refuses to relinquish his hold even on minor details. “For the bare idea of a Common World State there was now a vast majority of mankind, but directly it was defined as a positive reorganisation of human affairs, as the establishment of a common economic system, a common education, a common transport system, free movement about the world, involving the rupture of a thousand boundaries and a readjustment of the daily routines of the great majority of lives, resistance began and grew. Mankind was quite ready to accept peace, but not to seek peace and ensure it!” Disruption set in.

And after Rudie had been put tactfully to death by his doctor, who realised that he was mad, and, as a madman, dangerous, as all God-Cæsars are, the end was in sight. Many of the old abuses, the old prejudices, the old injustices had been swept away, but the world, apart from these reforms, remained much as it was before. But the mountain of revolution had, at any rate, given birth to a mouse of world-betterment. This, however, is only a brief outline of a story which, as one reads it, is extraordinarily actual. One believes in it—in Rudie, the holy terror of the title, in the characters which make up the movement which sets the whole world aflame, in the débâcle of madness and intrigue which eventually destroyed what was only, after all, the transcendent ambition of one man whose complete egotism got caught up in his own ideas so that they became inseparable: a substitution for God.

Thoughts from
“The Holy Terror.”

“A born fool is a fool to the end. The crowd will remain a crowd and behave like a mob.”

“A political leader, to be successful, must be either an ice-cold bachelor, entirely devoid of sex appeal, a manifest cuckold, or the faithful husband of some ugly, unpleasant, or ridiculous woman.”

“The mind of youth is an errant mind and will not always conspire. It loathes concentration. It flits from novelty to novelty. It must be fed by events and challenges, and held to its objective by conflict. It puts world affairs on a level with any one of the minor arts.”

“A sacred thing is a protected thing; a thing in retreat.”

“A small army is the ruler’s weapon, but a great army becomes his master.”

“The ultimate way of preserving human dignity in the face of arbitrary compulsion is to kill.”

Almost a Murder.

Perhaps, when a real Common World State arrives, murder through motives of sex will not be punishable by death, especially if jealousy be the main contribution. Thus, the kind of murder which the heroine of Phyllis Bottome’s new novel, “Murder in the Bud” (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.), tried to commit will, if successful, only be punished by imprisonment, not death. As a matter of fact, it did not come off; though there was every opportunity, because the girl had access to tubes of poison at the time. She had been loved by a lodger in her mother’s house, but he had abandoned her in favour of her younger sister. At the moment there seemed no redress, except to murder the young man, and, with the opportunity already at hand, it would likely have happened had not the would-be murderess come into close personal contact with a woman psychiatrist from Prague, whose sympathy was a logical argument and whose understanding was pure reasoning.

For a woman, all worked up to commit a murder, it was somewhat surprising that such a common-sense view-point appealed to her at all. But it did at last, and, in solving her own problems, the personal problems of the rest of her family were solved likewise. The end is the least convincing part of a story which is intelligent as well as exciting. Happiness is always a popular climax to any story—the more so, perhaps, because life seldom vouchsafes unalloyed bliss. Nevertheless, except for this sop thrown to the sentimental, here is a life-like tale of life-like people. It is realistic, not in the depressive manner of realism, but in its more tonic form.

And a Murder Committed.

First of all, let me hand to Mr. George Bagby, through his novel, “Murder on the Nose” (Casell; 7s. 6d.), a bouquet for shooting a crooner dead without once cracking the all-too-obvious joke. Then let me add another bunch of flowers for writing an exceptionally good thriller which triumphantly makes an ingenious start. Who killed that crooner? He was crooning quite successfully in an American radio programme

sponsored by an advertising firm well known on the air. With him was a small orchestra playing away like anything, and a control engineer watching from his cubby-hole outside. Yet the singer was shot and no one saw who fired the pistol. Then the mystery deepens. It is discovered by the police-inspector who takes charge of the case that there is something highly suspicious about this particular sponsored programme. There is even something mysterious about the article which it is supposed to advertise. Its sale is, apparently, negligible. As the plot thickens, one wishes sometimes that the inspector had been shot, too, because he is almost irritatingly of the “barking” variety—all bombast and stagey sleuth. However, he eventually clears up the mystery, and in the meanwhile readers of the story have had a glorious time guessing and trying to keep one clue in front of him.



MISS MARJORIE AND MISS URSULA WYNDHAM-QUIN

Bassano

The two elder daughters of Commander the Hon. Valentine and Mrs. Wyndham-Quin. The eldest, Miss Ursula Wyndham-Quin, is to be presented this year, and her sister next year. The youngest daughter, Pamela, was born in 1925. The Hon. Valentine Wyndham-Quin is the younger son of Lord Dunraven. Mrs. Wyndham-Quin is a daughter of Lady Beatrice Pretyman, a sister of Lord Bradford, and of the late Rt. Hon. E. G. Pretyman



THE BRIDAL GROUP AT THE PARKER BOWLES—DE TRAFFORD WEDDING

Fayer

The wedding of Mr. Derek Henry Parker Bowles and Miss Ann de Trafford was on Valentine's Day at Brompton Oratory, and in the picture with the bride and bridegroom and the best man, Mr. George Brodrick, are:

the three child attendants—Violet and Catherine de Trafford and the Hon. James Mills—and eight grown-up bridesmaids: Miss Mary de Trafford, Miss Daphne Parker Bowles, Miss Sarah Norton, Miss Vivienne Kenyon-Slaney, Lady Mary Rose FitzRoy, Miss Diana Gilmour, Miss Virginia Brand, and Miss Annabel Newman



SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD
AND THE BRIDE



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM,
MR. AND MRS. DEREK PARKER BOWLES



LADY BRIDGET ELLIOT
AND LORD HAIG

Fayer

The date chosen for this particularly pretty wedding was an obviously appropriate one, for St. Valentine was an inveterate match-maker. Society was in strong force, and the relatives on both sides made up a large contingent of it. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. Eustace Bowles, son of the Rev. the Hon. Algernon Parker, Lord Macclesfield's uncle. Mr. Eustace Bowles assumed his surname by Royal Licence in 1920. The bride is the eldest daughter of one of the best-known people on the English Turf. Sir Humphrey de Trafford is the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, has been a Steward of the N.H.C., and has likewise been one of the best of the cross-country G.R.s. Lady de Trafford, a daughter of the late Lord Chelsea, is a sister of Lady Stanley, Lady Hillingdon, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Mrs. John Gilmour. James Mills, who was part of the bridal train, is Lord and Lady Hillingdon's younger son. Lord Hillingdon is the former famous Master of the Grafton, and the present Master, Lord Cadogan, with Lady Cadogan, was also amongst the relations present. The subsequent reception was held at the Duke of Marlborough's house, 11, Kensington Palace Gardens



THE SOCIETY OF RAGAMUFFINS—BY "MEL"

At one of their recent dinners, "Mel" collected the above group of members and their guests. The Society, which was founded in 1901, was formed to promote friendly intercourse and comradeship amongst members, and to form a Benevolent Fund to assist anybody in distress, excepting members of the Society—to use a hackneyed phrase: "To help the lame dog over the stile." It does not help other charities. They have no headquarters, all posts are honorary, and the 400 members are influential people in all walks of life. The Society holds six dinners a year. Names (left to right): (back) A. H. Ferguson (guest); (seated) Captain Sydney E. Moon (past President), Vice-Admiral Sir Noel Laurence, K.C.B., D.S.O. (the Guest of Honour), Captain Leslie Williams (President), Harry C. Galen (Hon. Gen. Sec. and Treasurer), William H. ("Bill") Bennett (past President), S. B. France, Laurence M. Yetts (Vice-President), and (seated) Philip W. Smith.

NEWS of the week is that the Old Etonian Golfing Society have invited the King of the Belgians to be a member of their team in the Halford Hewitt tournament at Deal in April. This is no idle flattery.

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

The professionals are still engaged in challenging each other across the Atlantic cables and are beginning to rival the prize-fighters for the ineffective ballyhoo that seems to precede their matches. Cotton appears to be

every man's target, but before he can get at Cotton everyone

else wants to play him first. Locke wanted to play Cotton, but Cotton stuck fast by the P.G.A. principles and would have none of it, whereupon the captain of the P.G.A., Reginald Whitcombe, took up the challenge himself. Now Ralph Guldahl (call it "Goodall") thinks he wants a thousand pounds of Cotton's money. So do Sam Snead and Paul Runyan. So Padgham steps in and says Guldahl had better get himself a partner and play against him and Locke.

Meanwhile Cotton, rightly or wrongly, is rather in the position of Joe Louis and waits to see who shall have the privilege of trying to take his money. He will play Guldahl any time, he told me the other day, though he will not contemplate travelling all the way to the United States simply in order to play one-half of a home-and-home match with him. He hopes that Guldahl will come over here for the championship and that they can then play all seventy-two holes on this side. Guldahl made no secret of the fact, when he was over here with the Ryder Cup team in 1937, that he thought little or

(Continued on page x)



J. R. BRIGGS

The young player of Charterhouse and New College who has just gained his second Blue for golf. He is secretary of the Oxford University lawn tennis and plays for Lancashire

Stuart

Henry Cotton has played a good deal with him and assures me that his handicap is a "very good two." He could soon get down to scratch, says Cotton, if he had the opportunity of playing on the best English courses. The King of the Belgians is by far the best royal golfer and would be an asset to any Halford Hewitt team. The invitation to play for Eton was not extended until it was assured that the King would be pleased to accept it, provided that State duties permitted. If he is able to play, he will probably partner Eric Martin Smith, the British amateur champion of 1931.

As the Duke of Brabant, he was in Mr. S. G. Lubbock's house at Eton, and won his house colours for football. In 1915 he was granted leave of absence, at the age of 13½, to return to Belgium, where he was enrolled as a private in the Army. At the conclusion of the war he marched into Liège with the Belgian troops, and then returned to Eton. Besides being a first-class golfer—Cotton cannot give him more than six strokes—his Majesty is an able ski-er and an excellent mountaineer.

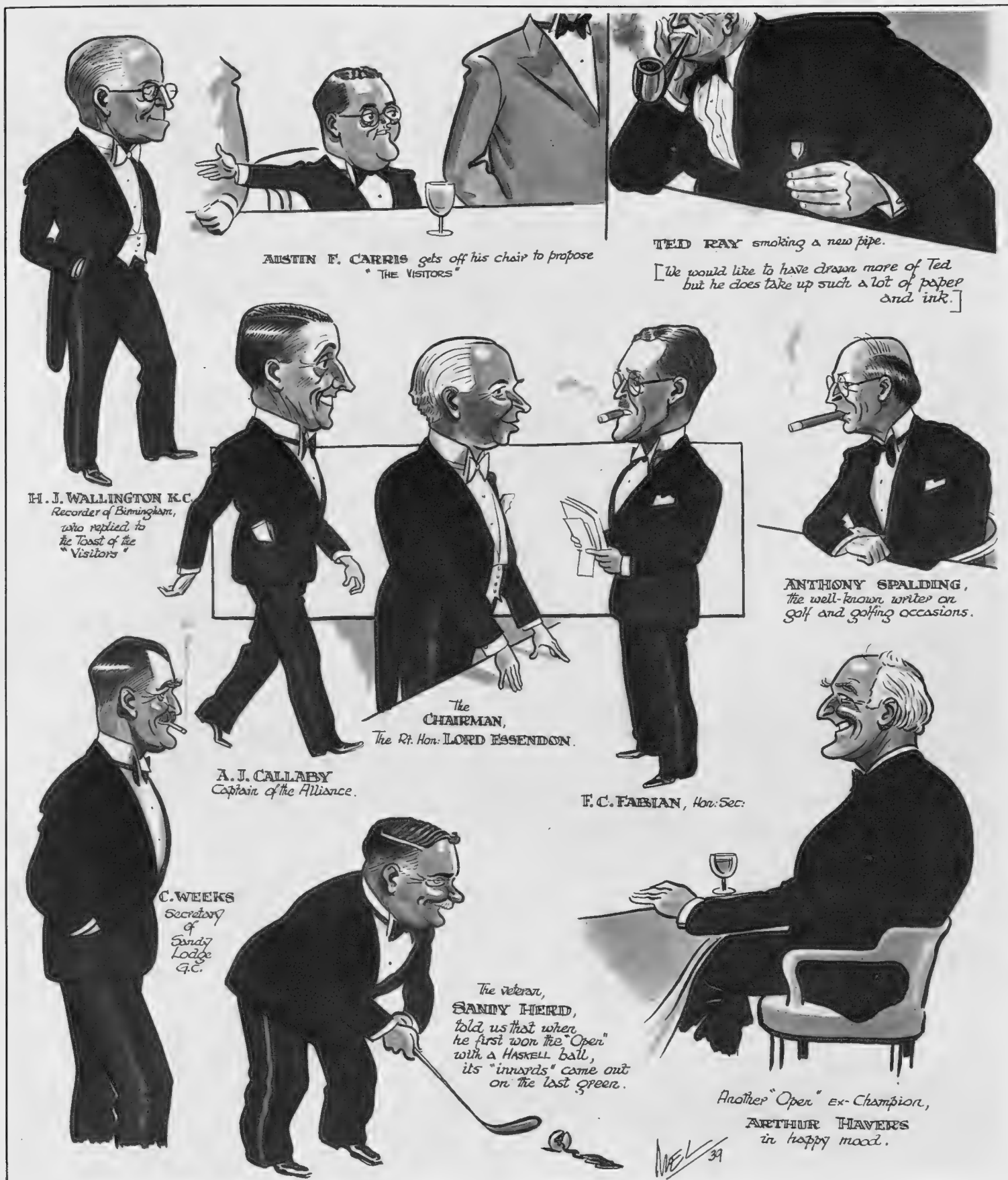


NORMAN B. MANN

A member of the Umkomaas Club, Durban, S.A., who has just been awarded his golf Blue. He is now up at Caius, and will play against Oxford at Sandwich in March. He plays to a handicap of 2

Stuart

HERTS GOLFERS HAVE A NIGHT OUT



HERTS COUNTY PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS' ALLIANCE—BY "MEL"

The Herts County Professional Golfers' Alliance held its annual dinner recently at the Connaught Rooms, when some 150 members and their guests were present. The Alliance is one of the strongest in the country, and is admirably run by the Hon. Sec., Mr. F. C. Fabian. There are at least four ex-champions in their ranks—Sandy Herd, Ted Ray, Arthur Havers and Henry Cotton. The chair was taken by Lord Essendon, who takes a great interest in both golf and cricket

THE ARDEN SOCIETY

HOLDS A DINNER



HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK
HAD LADY BONE ON HIS RIGHT



MR. HUMBERT WOLFE, MISS TOWNSEND-WALKER
AND SIR EDWARD MARSH



FRAU ELIZABETH GUNDOLF AND
PROFESSOR ERNEST BARKER



MISS LEILA RICHARDSON
AND SIR FRANCIS ROSE



MR. GUY BRANCH AND LORD
DUNCANNON EXCHANGE VIEWS



MRS. TEMPLE SAT NEXT TO
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE



MISS ROSE MACAULAY AND PRINCE
LEOPOLD VON LÖWENSTEIN



MISS TOWNSEND-WALKER SAT NEXT
TO LORD CECIL OF CHELWOOD

The Arden Society, newly formed to help artists and writers exiled in England as the result of persecution in their native lands, gave a dinner at Claridge's not long ago. His Grace the Archbishop of York and Mrs. Temple received guests, and speakers included the Archbishop and Sir Muirhead Bone, the distinguished etcher and painter, Lady Bone, was amongst literary lights present; these also included poet Mr. Humbert Wolfe, novelist Miss Rose Macaulay, and that noted patron of the arts, Sir Edward Marsh. Frau Elizabeth Gundolf, whose late husband was famed throughout the literary world as the last humanist, sat next to Professor Ernest Barker, Professor of Political Science at Cambridge since 1927 and the author of many very erudite works. Miss Leila Richardson's brother, Mr. Stanley Richardson, is secretary of the Arden Society, whose aim is to secure for foreign artists and writers taking refuge in this country a chance of self-expression by means of co-operation and sympathy



Yevonde, Berkeley Square

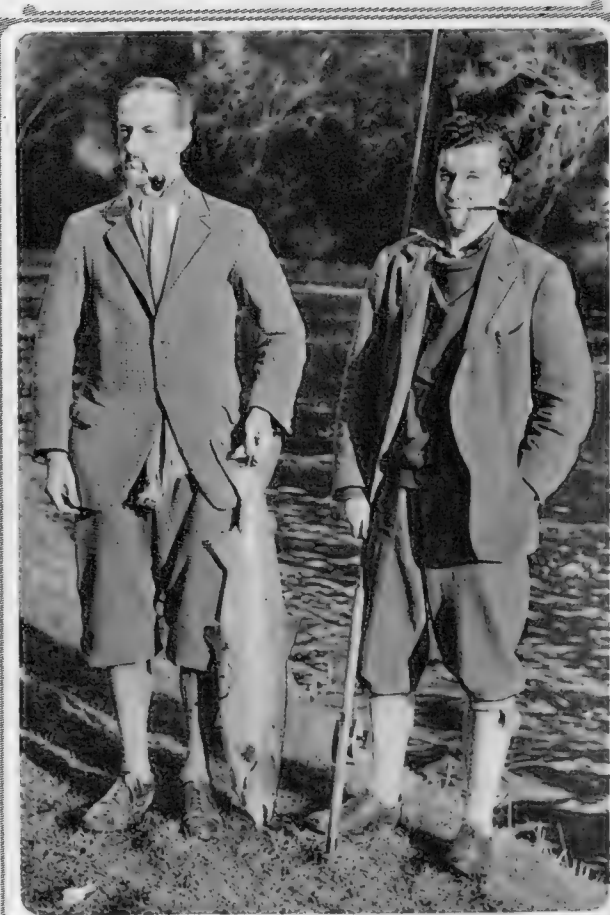
LORD AND LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND THEIR DAUGHTERS

The latest exclusive portrait of the cousin of H.M. the King and his wife and their daughters, Patricia, who is fourteen, and Pamela, who is nine. Lady Louis Mountbatten is the elder daughter of Lord Mount Temple, and was married in 1922. Lord Louis Mountbatten, other qualifications apart, has the distinction of being the youngest captain in the Navy since the war, and has now just about completed a war course at Greenwich, after which it is pretty certain he will go to sea again. His first ship was H.M.S. "Lion," in which he served as a midshipman in 1916, and in 1917 he was posted to H.M.S. "Queen Elizabeth." When Lord Louis Mountbatten does go to sea he will be particularly badly missed in one section of our world—the polo one. He has recently completed the monumental task of unifying the Rules of Polo for the world at large, a job that would have staggered most people, but which has been wonderfully done. It is perhaps almost unnecessary to recall to the memory of polo people that Lord Louis skippered that fine Royal Navy side which so nearly won the Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham in 1936

OPENING-DAY'S "PLAY" ON THE BOYNE



ON THE BLACK CASTLE BEAT: MISS STOREEN BARTON, HER FIANCE,
MAJOR WILFRED SHARP, AND A BOYNE SALMON



MAKING A START AT BEAUPARC: CAPTAIN MORTON
AND HIS HOST, SIR OLIVER LAMBART



ABOUT TO CROSS TO THE ISLAND AT SLANE BRIDGE:
MRS. R. L. WILLIS AND HER SISTER, MRS. A. W. BARRATT



Photographs: Poole, Dublin
MR. T. FITZHERBERT, MR. DE UPHAUGH, CAPTAIN C. FITZHERBERT,
MR. B. FITZHERBERT (HOST), MR. E. FITZHERBERT, AND FOUR FINE FISH

The river was in tip-top condition when salmon-fishing opened on Eire's famous Boyne on February 12 (twelve days later than the Blackwater), and as the heavy water of past weeks had brought spring fish up in vast numbers, fisherman's optimism for once seemed justified. And it proved to be. On Mr. Bertram FitzHerbert's stretch at Black Castle, he and five other rods had a packet of fun before lunch, killing eight fish averaging 25 lb. One of the happy anglers was Major Wilfred Sharp, genial manager of Navan racecourse, whose fiancée, Miss Storeen Barton (they have just got engaged), was also at Black Castle. Miss Barton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Barton, of Straffan House, hunts with the Kildare. At Beauparc, where Captain Morton has been staying with Sir Oliver Lambart, the season has also started auspiciously. Captain Morton, who lives in County Antrim, has many friends in the Belvoir country, where he hunted for fourteen seasons. Mrs. A. W. Barratt and her sister, Mrs. R. L. Willis, were two more opening-day enthusiasts. Mrs. Barratt's husband, Major Barratt, from Shropshire, is renting the renowned Slane Castle beat for a few weeks

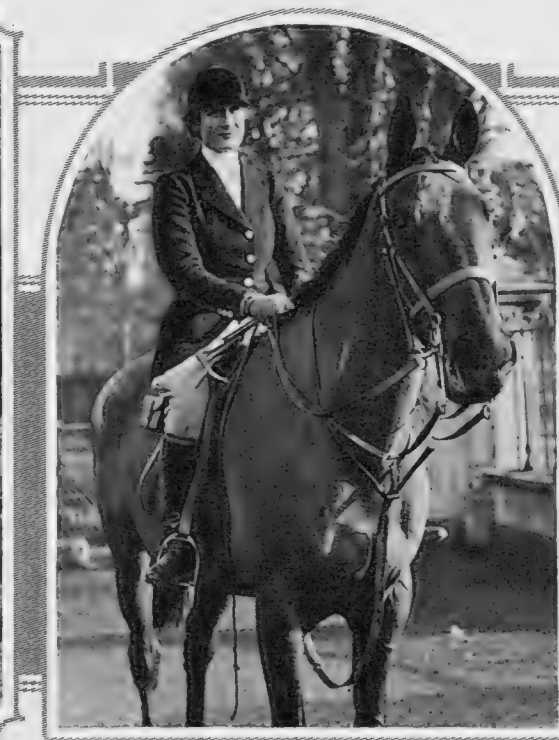


LORD BURGHLEY'S HOUNDS MEET AT ALTHORP (BY INVITATION)

That always attractive moment for a picture—when hounds move off. On the left, Lord Spencer, the host of the occasion; centre, in front, C. Lavender, Lord Burghley's whipper-in and K.H., and, just behind, the M.F.H. and Lady Burghley



**LORD BURGHLEY AND THE MARCHIONESS
OF EXETER, HIS MOTHER**



**LADY BURGHLEY, THE MASTER'S WIFE
READY FOR THE FRAY**



**LADY SPENCER AND CAPTAIN
RUPERT HARDY**

Lord Burghley's raid into the Pytchley domain was by invitation of the Chairman of the Pytchley Hunt Committee, Lord Spencer, whose forebears founded the great white-collar and Padua scarlet-coat hunt: the Spencer livery, which dates back to at least 1600. Lord Burghley started his pack in 1935 and hunts part of the Fitzwilliam country by invitation, with also an occasional dip into the Cottesmore and Belvoir domains, also by invitation. He adopted a green coat with green collar and silver buttons for his hunt uniform, and has a lot of fun hunting hounds himself and showing great sport. It has been said by some that if Lord Burghley were after the foxes on his feet they would not have a hope. As the world knows, he is a reincarnation of Ladas—a swift runner of old times. Lady Burghley, who was married in 1929, is a sister of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester. Captain Rupert Hardy, seen talking to the hostess of the occasion, is Sir Bertie Hardy's son, is in the Life Guards, and married the elder daughter of the late Lord Hindlip

ENTERTAINMENTS

à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT



DIRTY WORK ON THE TOP FLOOR: DENNIS ARUNDELL

Villainy by Gaslight

IT could happen as easily, or uneasily, by daylight or by electric light; but it happens more eerily by gaslight from a period when wives were more readily intimidated by the dominant male. Mr. Patrick Hamilton, author of *Gas Light*, has created the right atmosphere for the drama that features his case of the Frightened Lady. By gaslight, his Mrs. Mannington looks properly pale and frail, whereas the side-whiskers of his Mr. Mannington look florid and potent.

With threat, ruse and mental torture, the husband has set out to persuade the wife that, like her mother before her, she is stark, gibbering mad; and Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies persuades you that in the state she has reached she will either go mad indeed or pass as such among any doctors in lunacy. The wonder is that she doesn't go mad all the quicker when the eminently sane stranger, who makes a point of calling when the husband is out, comes to offer salvation. The news he brings is that this is the house where a rich old woman was murdered twenty years back; and that Mr. Mannington was related to the murderess, probably did the deed, and as probably has rented the house so as to find the jewels he then missed. Does Mrs. Mannington, as a Victorian matron, still cling to a wife's loyalty? Then the sympathetic stranger must inform her that she is no wife, but consort to a bigamist who wants to put her in an asylum; a villain who in the meantime frequents low women in haunts of vice. And in case this dose of tonic for a distraught lady is not enough, the fatherly detective-inspector, having burgled the villain's desk to get his evidence, leaves her alone to face the likely consequences from one whom she now believes to be the wickedest man on earth.

Well, the excitements and nerve-strains are ably devised; and Miss Ffrangcon-Davies works wonders with dramatic jitters. Through sobs and moans, glazed mien and somnambulistic walk, bouts of courage that are more pathetic than the hysterics, she holds interest at hair-trigger tension. She achieves the effects of melodrama without using any of its properties, and all but curdles the blood when, after Mannington's arrest, she gloats over the scoundrel at whose mercy she has meekly lived. Mr. Dennis Arundell acts the horrific husband with quiet excellence. Mr. Milton Rosmer's performance is so clear-cut that he overcomes disbelief in the incredible old detective. Miss Elizabeth Inglis does well by a pretty slut from the servant quarters. The theatre is the Apollo.

NERVE-STRAIN IN PIMLICO: MILTON ROSMER, GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES

Portrait of a Nympho-Strangler



FARMHOUSE JITTERS: RENE RAY, PETER STANDFAST, JIMMY HANLEY, BECKETT BOULD, ALASTAIR MacINTYRE

THEY WALK ALONE, at the Shaftesbury, offers equal opportunity for first-class acting in the leading rôle, and should offer even greater chances of curdling the blood. Miss Beatrix Lehmann duly provides the one; but the blood-curdling gets lost amid the dumbness of the remaining characters and the tallness of the tale that is told. These Tallents, despite the occasional mud on their boots, never give the illusion of being farmers, unless it be at Cold Comfort Farm; and certainly they have no horse-sense. Young men are being strangled all round the farm, on nights when the organ is mysteriously played in an outhouse next door. After two months of repeated murder the family still fail to guess that it may have something to do with their queer Cornish maid, who pretends to be simple but spills untruth by the yard; who has been seen lying on the moors with this man and that; whose eyes cherish all the upstanding youths, and who is as exact as a photograph in describing their features. The farmers and farmeresses pop down the stairs and up again whenever they hear the organ at nights, but until the fourth (or is it the fifth?) murder they never think of looking to see if Emmy is in her room. It means nothing to them that the dog left by one of the dead young men should follow Emmy with ferocious barking. Even the housewife, who at last begins to suspect the nymphomaniac in their midst, does not then tell the police, or warn her young brother, when she discovers marks of struggle on Emmy's neck. And the police never think of coming to enquire what's to do at the farm nearest the scene of so many crimes. Yet this, is not a mechanical thriller, but a full-blown psychological one.

Perhaps they remain dumb and unsuspecting because they cannot conceive that a slightly-built woman, however strong and eager her hands, could thus throttle hefty young men, after slaking her thirst for them. Neither could I, despite her explanation that they became "weak in her arms, like little children." I was more than willing, but my spine obstinately refused to be chilled when the organ played, the dog howled, the inevitable storm thundered and the female monster broke through the search-cordon and stumbled through the door. Mr. Max Catto's play is rather in the manner of, but a long way after, Mr. Emlyn Williams's *Night Must Fall*. Yet it is worth a visit because of Miss Lehmann's study of a mind diseased and a soul afflicted. Her Emmy hardly substantiates the allurements that is supposed to surround the nympho-strangler; but she is haunted by demons as weird and authentic as anything seen under a pathologist's microscope. Miss Carol Goodner contributes invaluable steadiness and Miss Rene Ray a pleasant ebullience. Mr. Peter Standish is cleverly oafish.



A MONSTER UNVEILED: BEATRIX LEHMANN, CAROL GOODNER

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

COMIC history and smoking-room stories have taught us, *Très Cher*, that we must not believe all we see in the daily papers, and since the camera can be made to lie as easily as a sob-sister, or a yellow reporter writing for a red rag, we realise that even the News Reels and the photographs of the illustrated Press are often only of strip-tease veracity, and not so nakedly truthful as they are cracked up to be. Hence, no doubt, the stony silence that, even in the most populous cinemas, greets the more dramatic shots of the Spanish exodus. . . . These "isolated" flashes, of which every flicker tells a story with embellishments, are intended to make our tum-tums quake and they often achieve their aim, but when our innards went all queasy and our vertebrae turned to marsh-mallow consistency was when we saw, *de nos propres yeux*, the arrival in Paris of two very flesh-and-bloody members of the Red ex-Government. There were no long weeks of starvation behind these plump and smiling "Excellencies," who waved so cheerily from the windows of the smart car that brought them up from the frontier, and one felt a rather childish longing to make rude grimaces at them.

With so much Red about it is a pleasant relief to think that the annual Fête de l'Union des Artistes will take place, on March 4, under the banner of the Entente Cordiale, and that Queen Victoria, impersonated by Gaby Morlay who created the French version of *Victoria Regina*, will preside in the Royal Box, surrounded by her Court. M. Martinelli, the president of l'Union, who went over to London a few weeks ago to arrange the doings and who returned all thrilled and delighted by such *grands personnages* as Messieurs Valtère Pène, Jammes A-gatte, Louis Casse-on *et tutti quanti*, who received him so kindly, promises us a most gorgeous spectacle, and since even the ring sweepers at this event, which is held at midnight at the Cirque d'Hiver, are stage and cinema stars of dazzlin' magnitude, we hope for the best.

If, as it is rumoured, English stage celebrities come over to take part in the performance we hope that we shall have their names in good time so that we may brush up on their records. Parisian theatre-goers are wise to the renown of such famous people as Charles Laughton and Noel Coward, they know Robert Donat, because the ghost went west, and Diana Wynyard because of *Cavalcade*, and they have not forgotten her wonderful performance of Candida when the British Council produced that play here during l'Exposition 1937, but this, I think, sums up our knowledge of the British stage. Now that so many British films come to Paris and such a number of French pictures go to London, I often chuckle over the way some of our French critics "discover" well-known English players, and when leading lights of the French stage are kindly mentioned in the English papers we positively purr, but we giggle also at the patronage that is sometimes shown by critics that are less *averti* than the erudite *Monsieur A-gatte*. Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet apparently share honours in popularity when the films in which they appear are shown at the Curzon or Berkeley (k'rect me, *Très Cher*, if I am wrong), and 'Arry—as he is fondly called—enjoys this, since it makes up to him for the lean years that happened after the war. It is not surprising that he has been thought good in sea pictures, for he knows all abaht it! He was intended for the Merchant Service and spent several years at the École d'Hydrographie at Marseilles. However, he switched from the sea to the stage in 1903 playing at the Grand Guignol and then in farce—extremes meet—

at the Palais Royal. After the war he was unable to find an engagement and worked at all sorts of odd jobs from travelling salesman to grocer's assistant. Then, suddenly, he got a chance to break into melodrama in one of Charles Meré's plays and Emil Jannings' success in the celluloid world put the French producers wise to the fact that it was no longer necessary to be an Adonis to make good on the screen . . . the rest you know.

Louis Jouvet was a chemist's assistant, but he was too tender-hearted to pass his life serving out castor oil to innocent babes.



JOSEPHINE BAKER, IDOL No. 1 OF PARIS

The one-and-only Josephine, who in private life is Mme. Jean Lion, has just returned from a Scandinavian tour, which, as usual, was a raging success, and Paris—and, for that matter, London—is delighted to hear that she has signed up with the Casino de Paris to appear in a new revue next autumn. She made an all-too-short appearance over here at Ciro's last summer.



Mlle. NITA RAYA IN A SCENE FROM "AMOURS DE PARIS"

Mlle. Nita Raya, Maurice Chevalier's charming partner, plays the feminine lead opposite him in the revue at the Casino de Paris. She is seen above in an amusing First Empire scene that is wittily set to the music of our old and very much-hackneyed friend "The Lambeth Walk," which is at long last dying a natural death. R.I.P.!

He made three vain attempts to break into the Paris *conservatoire* of dramatic art where he is now a professor! Dullin—who is one of the great French actors and producers—took him out on several provincial tours and then gave him small parts to play in Paris. He was at the Théâtre des Arts with Jacques Copeau—the inspirer if not the actual founder of the famous Compagnie des Quinze—and went with him to the Vieux Colombier, then he blossomed out on his own at the Comédie des Champs Élysées, producing such plays as *Siegfried*, *Knock*, *La Machine Infernale*, and *Amphitryon* 38. Actually, when you are in Paris, you will find him at the Athénée where he is playing in the revival of *Knock*, pending his production of *Undine*, with Mlle. Ozeray, as his leading lady.—PRISCILLA.

FILMLAND GIVES A PARTY



DOING THE CAN-CAN AT EDGAR BERGEN'S PARTY AT BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL :
(LEFT TO RIGHT) BETTY GRABLE, MRS. ROBERT GREGORY, MARTHA RAYE,
DOROTHY LAMOUR AND SHIRLEY ROSS



MINE HOST EDGAR BERGEN HAVING WORDS
WITH "CHARLIE," HIS PARTNER



MR. AND MRS. BOB GREGORY
SHOW THEIR PACES



A ROSE AMONG THE THORNS: TYRONE POWER, "THE
ROSE," JULIE CARTER, DON WILSON AND JIMMIE STAR



MARTHA RAYE STUDIES THE BILL
OF FARE FOR THE EVENING

The film colony in Hollywood is always only too ready to throw a party, and when it does it certainly is a party, and the one Edgar Bergen gave at the Beverly Hills Hotel was no exception. Everybody came dressed in clothes of the 'nineties, and the can-can featured among the turns of the evening. All the well-knowns turned up, as can be seen from the photographs. Betty Grable, who gave us those two very good pictures *Fast to Play* and *Give Me a Sailor*, was taking a very active part in the can-can, as also was Mrs. Bob Gregory, who is the youngest daughter of the Rajah of Sarawak. She has been given a small part in *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man*, with W. C. Fields as star. Martha Raye is starring in Paramount's *Never Say Die*, one of those gay pictures with a European setting and all about nothing, but a very pleasant nothing. Dorothy Lamour was in that superb film *Spawn of the North*, and her latest, *Man About Town*, has not yet reached these shores. Shirley Ross's most recent appearance was in *Paris Honeymoon*, with Bing Crosby. Edgar Bergen gave a most amusing turn during the course of the evening with his partner, "Charlie." Tyrone Power has been doing a lot of work lately, his latest effort being *Rose of Washington Square*, with Alice Fay and Al Jolson



LIEUT.-COLONEL G. E. YOUNGHUSBAND, COLONEL R. L. MCCREERY AND MRS. G. GORDON-LENNOX



COLONEL N. O. LAING, LIEUT.-COLONEL J. A. PATON AND MRS. N. O. LAING SIT OUT



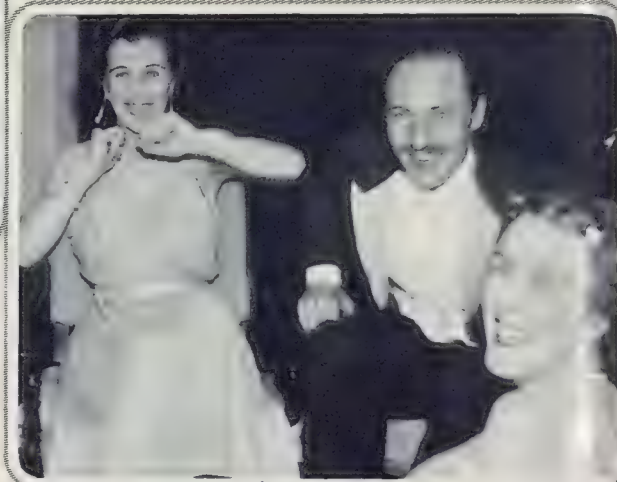
COLONEL J. H. WYBERGH, CAPTAIN HARRISON (JOINT-MASTER) AND MRS. N. BARLOW



LIEUT.-COLONEL PETO, MRS. ARKWRIGHT AND MAJOR M. G. RODDICK

ALDERSHOT FRISK

The Command Drag Hunt Ball



MRS. R. L. MCCREERY, CAPTAIN G. GORDON-LENNOX, GRENADEER GUARDS, AND A FRIEND



CAPTAIN M. SMILEY, RIFLE BRIGADE, AND THE HON. MRS. CHARLES BERNARD



MISS MONCREIFF-BROWN AND COLONEL O'RIORDAN

The Hunt Ball of the Aldershot Command Drag was held at the Officers' Club, agreeable scene of so many good parties. This private pack has Captain D. Harrison (fox) and Mr. R. R. Archer (drag), both of the 4th Hussars, as joint-Masters and Huntsmen; with the former, on this page, is Colonel Wybergh, the Hon. Hunt Secretary, who used to be in the Sherwood Foresters. Also to be found are Lieut.-Colonel Younghusband, C.O. 3rd Hussars; Colonel R. L. McCreery, ex-12th Lancers and now G.S.O.1 First Division; Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Paton and Lieut.-Colonel C. H. M. Peto, who command the K.D.G.s and 9th Lancers respectively, and Major M. G. Roddick, 10th Hussars and noted G.R., the ex-owner of Kilstar



Photographs: Truman Howell
MRS. J. A. PATON, MRS. K. A. SAVILL
AND CAPTAIN R. F. LUCK, K.D.G.s



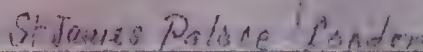
“Yes, this is Madam Binko’s School of
Deportment—Madam Binko speaking”

By Clive Upton



ST. JAMES'S PALACE—"OU

The only remaining original parts of Henry the Eighth's Manor which was begun in 1532 and is said to have been designed by Holbein an ancient pile being merely as it was after the fire of 1809 which destroyed the Eastern wing, it still remains the most beautiful of all the as is known secured a great many commissions for portraits from that not always very easy and comfortable master. Henry forsook of Orange became King of England. It was Henry's "manor." It may have long ceased to be the residence of the Crown but it is still part, and that is now where H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester is in residence. Henry VIII, Edward VI, Elizabeth and Mary, the martyre past. Charles I attended Divine Service in the Chapel before he walked across the



Drawn by R. G. MATHEWS

349

In Scarlet and Gold



Here they come in scarlet and gold . . . regular reliable regiments of 25, 50 and 100 . . . the new larger packings of Player's "Mild" Navy Cut Cigarettes. A Cigarette growing in favour every day because, in this important way, it differs from all other mild brands . . . its mildness is not its weakness; cool and gentle always, it still possesses a flavour clear and distinctive . . . and without this a Cigarette can offer little pleasure.

CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN 25 FOR 1/3 50 FOR 2/5 100 FOR 4/8



NCC 415

AT THE BAYS' REGIMENTAL RACE



LORD AND LADY CROMWELL
KINDLY POSE FOR A PICTURE



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE LOWTHER
AND THE HON. MRS. J. L. WILLS



BRIGADIER-GENERAL AND
MRS. J. L. JACK



THE WINNER: BRIGADIER
EVELYN FANSHAW



THE ANXIOUS MOMENT OF THE DAY:
SHOWING THEM THE COURSE

If ever it were permissible to say of anything "all's well that ends well," surely it was in the case of the Bays' Regimental race, for the right man won it—their former C.O., now Brigadier Evelyn Fanshawe, promoted to the command of the 20th Mechanised Cavalry Brigade. It was a grand fight to a finish, the ex-C.O. only just getting home a head on his own Mayfly from Captain Osborne's Windy Bill, and the whole field of eleven got the course without any disaster whatever, a good performance considering that it was over four miles of the Pytchley country in the Brington region. Going excellent, as ever in this country. Lord Cromwell, who was a Rifleman, and his wife are staunch patrons of the white-collar hunt, but hard-riding Brigadier-General and Mrs. Jack are from the Fernie. Mr. George Lowther, seen above with his bride, is in "The Tins," and the son of the renowned Pytchley Master, Colonel J. G. Lowther, who is to be joined next season by Colonel "Peach" Borwick, to whom sympathy for the recently broken ribs. The Hon. Mrs. John Wills, who is in the same group, is a daughter of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, and her husband is also in the Life Guards



Arthur Owen

THE BACCHANALIANS HOCKEY TEAM

The side (and Secretary) which beat Oxford University 2 to 1 in a hot tussle played at Wellesbourne, which is in the heart of the Warwickshire country. For the enemy see opposite page. The names in the group are: (l. to r., standing) J. H. Thursfield (Sec.), W. F. Spreckley, A. V. Astley, A. F. T. White, J. M. Urry, P. Rawlinson and A. Griffin; (sitting) R. G. Willcock, B. W. Quaife, E. H. King (captain); P. H. G. Berthon and H. Colville-Hilton

THE Regular Army is two divisions—roughly speaking, 20,000—shy: the Territorial Army—and we take off our battered caubeens to it—is mainly up to strength and, in the cases of many units, above strength. What is the answer? Why, this: that the people who ought to produce those two divisions believe that life in the Army to-day is what it was in the various

conditions are very different. The modern Army is, in fact, a school which prepares the man for employment in civil life after he has done his trick at the wheel; it sets him up into a well-fed and very robustious person, and it treats him damn well and looks after him where food, housing, education and relaxation are concerned. There are a good many who do not seem to know what is on offer, and it would be a good thing to tell them more often than is the case at present. Why not do a bit more advertising? We are two divisions shy and we hate the very sound of the word "Conscription."

There are, nevertheless, a great many reasons why there is not going to be war. These two divisions are fire insurance. No one fails to take out an insurance policy if he has a house or anything else that might catch fire. There is still one gap in the main front which has got to be stopped. In 1870 there were many gaps in what was called the fortress line, and which that line completely failed to stop up: in 1914 and onwards they tried something else—trenches or field works—and now for two-thirds or a bit more of the way we have another something else which, we are assured, is impervious to attack by ground troops of any kind and aerial attack. There is still that one weak spot, and we need this insurance policy badly. It is perfectly true to say that if there is only one hole through which anyone can come, he is doomed to fail, for if any attack is forced on to a narrow front, anything it may gain in depth is more than cancelled by its inability to deploy—that is, spread out its claws and envelop and eventually crush you to death in a grizzly bear embrace. The classic precedent of this is an action called the Caudine Forks.

But in warfare it is quite unsafe to gamble and always better to have as thick a stick as the other chap. It is also imprudent to believe that one particular arm is capable of

Pictures in the Fire

fairy-tales written by "Kipper," who told us of the adventures of Mulvaney, Leary and Ortheris, those three musketeers of the old Martini days, when service in the ranks was, as one may put it, not exactly a picnic, and soldiering was soldiering.

Things have changed vastly, and though the modern Thomas Atkins of Bren-gun and "portee" times is compelled to do his bit *and* a bit, and has got to be hyper-efficient, the "domestic"



IN THE PALM BEACH SUN

Mrs. Gilbert Miller, wife of the very famous impresario, and her father, Mr. Jules Bache, owner of the finest private collection of Old Masters in all New York



WINNER OF THE WELSH GUARDS' LIGHT-WEIGHT RACE

Mr. S. G. Holland with Sugar Loaf II., who got home in front at the Welsh Guards' Regimental Point-to-Point, run over a 3½-mile course at Lower Boddington, in the Bicester country



AT THE OAKLEY HUNT BALL HELD AT BEDFORD

Lady Diana Worthington, who is Lord Feversham's only sister, and Lord Denham, whose wife is a sister of Lord Redesdale. The hunt ball was held at the Bedford Modern School and was voted a first-class success by everyone

By "SABRETACHE"



MORE PALM BEACH

Lady Castlerosse with Mrs. Philip Hill, who is one of the famous Lytton golfing sisters and is also keenly interested in painting and owns a very fine collection

at least 20 to 1 on—and no sensible person buys money at that price. There are those who say that M. Maginot and Herr Siegfried must be counted out, because they are only set up to make faces at one another, and that war will be transferred elsewhere. This may be true, but if it is true, will it alter the main situation so long as someone still maintains absolute command of the sea? History does not support the supposition. Any-



LORD AND LADY LYELL AT THE ANGUS ASSOCIATION BALL

The guests at this annual reception and ball of the London Angus Association were received at the Dorchester by Lord and Lady Lyell, he being in the Scots Guards (Supplementary Reserve) and Lady Lyell, who was married last July, the daughter of Major and Lady Betty Trafford

winning any war entirely off its own bat. The main principles are eternal, however much the tactical weapon may vary. Catalonia is being cited as an example of how a campaign can be won by virtually one arm. Even admitting the large part that has been borne by a highly efficient air force, it is always advisable to remind ourselves of that good old axiom of the turf that even a bad horse will seem to be galloping fast past trees. This was the situation, and the same may be true of China. It is a different story if the horse has to gallop past a real race-horse that can go a bit. It would be extremely dangerous for anyone to bet on recent form, and every hour that passes makes that danger more acute.

We must have a proper police force, and we need it not to-morrow, but to-day. There is not the least immediate danger of war for one big reason, and this is that ashore everyone is anchored and everyone knows it. At sea, if there were war to-morrow morning, the winner has already passed the post. The day after to-morrow the odds are even more depressing to contemplate—

way, donning the mantle of the prophet, I declare emphatically that there will be no war, because the obstacles in the way are so difficult as to be virtually insuperable. There is no room to take this farther—in reply mainly to someone who has been kind enough to write to me about the thing called the *Drang Nach Osten*. More anon, as the pig said when he gave the butcher the slip. And there is a lot more that could, and can, be said. The first thing is to stop any possible leaks ashore.

Even in those old days when it was "Tommy this and Tommy that, and Tommy go away, but it's Thank you, Mr. Atkins, when the band begins to play," the Army had its moments, many of them, and jolly ones at that. Can you beat the time when the R.S.M. of the Black Horse, star turn at the regimental gaff, stepped up on to the stage and said to the Officer's lady officiating at the pianoforte: "I 'aven't got no music, Miss, but the first verse is 'The 'Oneysuckle and the Bee,' the nex' one is 'When London Sleeps,' and the last one 'Say



Arthur Owen

OXFORD UNIVERSITY HOCKEY SIDE

The team that got beaten by the Bacchanalians (see opposite page) in the recent match at Wellesbourne. There was nothing much in it as the other people only won 2 to 1. The names are: (l. to r., standing) G. E. L. Graham, D. F. G. Walker, H. Merz, R. C. Fletcher, J. F. C. Shaw and R. F. Sadler; (sitting) R. A. E. Cheales, E. O. R. Edgar, A. P. D. Montgomery (captain), V. L. Cornish and A. C. B. Lloyd

Good-bye to Mother.' " And him with waxed moustachios that made a Bengal tiger look silly! After that someone recited "Scripin' the Moss Off Biby's Grive!" Great days! But there is just as much fun now and possibly less button-stick and spit and polish. And Thomas Atkins is the same chap, right down to the heels of his ammunition-boots, bless his heart!



ANOTHER WELSH GUARDS POINT-TO-POINT PICTURE

Mr. S. G. Summers and Mrs. Fox-Pitt, wife of the O.C. the Regiment, Colonel W. A. F. L. Fox-Pitt, watching the battle. (For winner of the Light-weights see other page.) Major Sir Alexander Stanier won the Heavies'

AMONGST THOSE PRESENT



IN THE MONEY: CAPTAIN G. M. KING,
MRS. R. PETRE, AND MRS. ELSIE FAWCETT



MRS. RICHARDS AND MAJOR
GEOFF PHIPPS - HORNBY

AT THE TAUNTON 'CHASES



MRS. C. P. BRUTTON AND
MR. AND MRS. D. A. GALE



MR. F. H. LONG, M.F.H.,
AND MISS HOWELL EVANS



CAPTAIN RAYSON AND LORD AND LADY
NORMANTON



THE HON. RICHARD LYGON
AND MISS P. NORMAN

As of course will be gathered from the above collection, all the Pride of the West, and a few others, were on the premises for the recent one-day doing-the-dangerous meeting at Taunton. Good going usually spells good fields, and they had both. The metalicians had a bit the best of the internecine strife, as only a few favourites connected. Hung on the top line, meet a winning group: Mrs. Petre, whose husband owned and rode the winner of the long-distance 'chase, the Montague Evans Handicap Steeplechase (for G.R.s). The other lady in the picture, Mrs. Elsie Fawcett, is Mr. Petre's sister. Mrs. Richards is with the "Grisewood" of the polo world, Major Geoff Phipps-Hornby, ex-polo international, and who ought to be off to Long Island to give us the low-down on the coming International. Mrs. C. P. Brutton, seen in the next picture, had one running in the long-distance event, Coolavack—down the course, unhappily. Mr. F. H. Long, seen gazing intently at, probably, the number-board, is Master and huntsman of the Mendip, next-door neighbours of the Beaufort and others, with 80 per cent. of grass! Captain Rayson and Lord and Lady Normanton all seem to be in a hurry to find something, and let us hope that they succeeded. The Hon. Richard Lygon, brother of Lord Beauchamp, and of the recently married Lady Sibell Rowley, had one running (unsuccessfully) in the Bristol Handicap 'Chase



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MARGARET MORRIS, GENIUS OF THE DANCE

A new study of somebody who has done so much to make dancing part of the life of the English business girl. Miss Morris did a lot of work in connection with the "Celts and Scots" night which was held recently at the Queen's Hall, and at which the principal dancers of the Margaret Morris movement performed

A THEATRICAL touring company gave a performance of *King Lear*, and the local critic wrote: "If Shakespeare could have seen his play performed last night, he would have turned in his grave."

The next night the same company did *Othello*, and the leading actor thought he had made a hit this time, until he opened his paper and read: "We thank the company at the Royal Theatre. Shakespeare is now on his back again."

The subject of the lesson was general knowledge, and one of the items discussed was the making of a will. At the end of the class, the teacher asked:

"What are the essentials to a last will and testament?"

None of the class answered for a moment, and then a boy spoke up.

"A dead person and some money, sir," he hazarded.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

The Negro parson had been preaching about salvation, and concluded by saying that it was free as water. Immediately after the sermon came the collection.

"But, parson," objected one of the congregation, "I thought you said salvation was free like water."

"So it is, brother; so it is," replied the preacher, "and so is water. We only charge for piping them to you."

"I'm in such a quandary, dear," confided Mrs. Smithson to her friend, Mrs. Jameson. "The doctor tells me that if I give my husband anything to drink but pure water I'll kill him."

"What's the trouble then?" asked Mrs. Jameson.

"Well, if I give him only water, he'll kill me!"

A little girl was taken by her nurse to a church service, the first to which she had been. When she returned home; her mother asked: "Mary, were you a good little girl at church to-day?"

"Oh, yes, mummy," replied the child. "A man offered me a big plate of money, and I said, 'No, thank you.'"

A Norwegian girl had come to London to learn English, and applied for a situation as nurse-general.

Could she cook? she was asked. No, she couldn't cook. Could she wait at table? No, she hadn't been taught that. Could she wash or sew? No. Then what could she do?

"Well," she replied, "I'm good at tending reindeer, and I can make cheese!"

The temperance orator was trying to explain to his audience how his life had been influenced by total abstinence.

"I am now," he said, proudly, "the head of my department. Five years ago there were two men in superior positions to me.

"One was discharged through drunkenness. The other was led into evil ways and is now serving a long term of imprisonment that was through the influence of strong liquor.

"Now what, I ask you," he added, impressively, "what has raised me to my present high position?"

A voice from the back of the hall came at once: "Drink!"

A young officer returning from leave abroad was about to take his place in an airliner, when a girl ran up and asked the passengers if any one of them would be kind enough to sell her their seat as her mother was dangerously ill and the liner was full up.

The young officer gave up his seat to her, and wired his C.O. thus:

"Given berth to girl. Returning by next plane."

The reply he received ran:

"Congratulations. Your next confinement will be in barracks."



THE HEROINE OF "THEY WALK ALONE":
BEATRIX LEHMANN AND "CRUSTY"

In this extremely successful play at the Shaftesbury Theatre, Beatrix Lehmann plays the rôle of a homicidal sex-maniac to perfection, and to bear out that statement there has not been one adverse criticism against her acting, except perhaps that it is a little too realistic for some people. Opposite her in the play is Carol Goodner, who also gives a superb performance. "Crusty," who is seven years old, sits in the wings and watches every performance, and knows exactly when his mistress has a wait and leads her to her dressing-room



"Light on Loveliness" by Bear Brand

To a world full of beauty hints and fashionable advice we add this, our modest contribution. It is just a reminder that the smartest of ensembles for any occasion must be accompanied by something equally glamorous in stockings.

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THE OLD WHITGIFTIANS RUGBY XV., WHO WERE TOO GOOD FOR SANDHURST

When these two teams met at South Croydon the Old Boys were too strong for the future defenders of England, and beat them by one goal to nil. An outstanding feature of the match was the fine tackling by the winners. G. E. Green and M. W. Stevens played extremely well all the time

Names, l. to r.: (back, standing) E. H. Edmunds (referee), W. H. Bangs, G. E. Green, F. C. Dubois, J. R. Walker, I. S. Hubbard (hon. sec.); (seated) P. D. Moore, K. G. Taylor, J. L. Banner, F. H. G. Percy (captain), M. W. Stevens, E. T. Mold, D. N. Adams; (on ground) J. D. Barber, D. C. Colwell, P. W. Venning

DEAR TATLER—

THE recent England v. Ireland match, which was the fiftieth international game to take place at Twickenham, proved to be anything but a Jubilee for England, except for the fact that they had the satisfaction of taking part in one of the finest struggles ever seen on the historic ground. As all the world knows now, Ireland won by a single score, and not a sportsman present could have grudged them their triumph. It was due almost entirely to a forward display of the real old-fashioned type, which must have rejoiced the hearts of many footballers of what may be termed the old school. The first twenty minutes of the match deserve to be described as one of the most strenuous periods ever seen in any game, and from the very outset it was obvious that England would be hard put to it to follow up their success against Wales.

It was clear before the game that Ireland's chances were really good, and no one in his senses could have forecast a victory for England with any real confidence. As we ventured to point out after the Welsh match, England's win might easily be accounted for by the exceptional weakness of Wales, rather than by any extraordinary brilliance on the English side. I have seen many more internationals than I care to count, but I can only recollect one or two Welsh sides which were as ineffective as the XV. that represented her a week or two ago. In plain truth, it may be said that England had nothing to beat on January 21, and it would have been very easy to over-rate their performance. Ireland, on the other hand, were smarting under their disastrous season of last year; they could not possibly do worse than they had done twelve months ago, and whatever happened was bound to be an improvement on their displays of last season. A situation of this kind, with nothing to lose and everything to gain, makes a strong appeal to the Irish temperament. It is just the kind of thing that brings out the very best of their courage and dash, and they rise to the occasion in a way which no other country can excel. Therefore, they deserve to be very heartily congratulated on their magnificent efforts, which fully merited all the enthusiasm with which they were greeted.

There have been many games at Twickenham which have approached more closely to what may be called the classic type of Rugby, but there has certainly been none which

A Rugby Letter

By "HARLEQUIN"

has been more desperately contested than this last one. Too much praise cannot be given to the Irish forwards, who fought magnificently from the very start nearly up to the finish. Then they showed signs of flagging, and no wonder, after their heroic efforts, and the English pack, sorely battered and bruised as it was, began to gain the upper hand. But the Irish forwards, unlike many of their predecessors, had lasted long enough to make certain of victory, and indeed it would have been cruel luck if they had lost in the closing minutes. They were so full of patriotic ardour and sheer desperation that it is almost invidious to mention any of them, but J. W. S. Irwin was a splendid leader, and was wonderfully supported by R. B. Mayne, of Malone, and D. O'Loughlin, of



Photos.: Crisp

THE SANDHURST XV., WHO LOST TO THE OLD WHITGIFTIANS

This was the first game for the R.M.C. this term, and they were not at their best, their outsiders never really getting going. Neither side scored in the first half, but Sandhurst nearly took the lead immediately after the cross-over

Names, l. to r.: (back, standing) D. A. Kendrew, W. B. F. R. H. Stewart, R. F. Lewellen, J. A. M. Mansel-Pleydell, J. H. C. Brown, C. B. C. Fotheringham, M. J. C. H. Sanders, Captain R. M. Ingall; (seated) T. H. Jobson, P. T. Willcocks, A. F. V. Beck, H. A. R. Bucknall (captain), P. S. D. Griffin, P. E. Y. Dawson, K. M. Dibben; (on ground) W. B. Petrie-Hay, A. N. E. Waldron, J. Rogers

Garryowen, worthy representatives of those two famous clubs. H. J. Sayers came back to his very best form, and C. Teehan, the lad from University College, Cork, deserves mentioning for his clever hooking, which, during the first half at least, was perfectly wonderful, considering the quality of the opposition.

Behind the pack was the outstanding figure of the game, G. J. Morgan, captain and scrum-half, who has for so long been the admired of all his international opponents. He was playing his seventeenth match for Ireland, and never has he given a more brilliant display or engineered a more successful campaign. His brains worked as well as his feet, which is saying a good deal. If one thing did not come off, he tried another without loss of time, and he, perhaps more than any other of the XV., may be given the laurels of the day. His partner, G. E. Cromey, played his usual nimble game, though he has possibly been seen to better advantage. The two centres supported Morgan with the utmost determination. Their tackling was beyond all praise. F. C. Moran was well held by R. S. L. Carr, and the Bedford man, V. J. Lyttle, was certainly the better wing. C. Murphy, the new full-back, made a thoroughly satisfactory début.

On the England side H. D. Freakes was undoubtedly the hero of the game. He stood up to the tearing, rushing Irish forwards with all the pluck imaginable, and did not allow his nasty injury in the first half to put him off his game. His was by some way the best kicking in the match, and he practically always gained ground on the exchanges. I am afraid there is not a great deal to be said for the rest of the outsiders.

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A PRESENT FOR LI SING

By SCARLYN WILSON

THE scrawny fowls scattered hastily as Li Sing made his way towards the entrance of the little shop. To old Wang, a man of reflective mind, their affrighted scamper was reminiscent of the actions of many people in the town at the saloon-keeper's approach. But nothing of his thoughts showed in his expression as he greeted his unwelcome visitor.

"Would that I had the means to cleanse my unworthy doorstep with bowls of rosewater against your coming," he said courteously.

Li Sing made an appropriate reply with a good deal of condescension, and the exchange of flowery civilities continued. By the time it had come to an end the fowls had long since resumed their interrupted pecking at the dusty soil, and Wang had begun to wonder when his companion was going to broach the subject of his call. What was it that had brought him? Surely he could not again be aiming to persuade him to sell his cherished jade lamp, the centuries-old relic of the vanished prosperity of his family? It was a disturbing thought, for Li Sing, whose raffish saloon did a roaring trade with the seamen from the vessels plying up and down the river, was an ill man to refuse—even once.

He preserved, therefore, an attitude of polite but watchful enquiry and presently the other came to the point.

"The great interest that I take in your kindred is not unknown to you," he remarked.

Much better known to Wang was the great interest Li Sing exacted from those who had been rash enough to borrow money from him. But he forbore to air his knowledge.

"Even so does the noble mulberry-tree offer sustenance to the undeserving silk-worm," he rejoined.

Li Sing bowed acknowledgment of the compliment.

"Wherefore," he pursued glibly, "I am minded to take the maid Ning, your great-niece, under my protection."

Wang shot a glance at the fleshy face and quickly transferred his gaze to the river bank, where a chain of coolies were discharging stones from a nearby quarry into the hold of a battered freighter.

"Your charity is as wide as the sweep of an eagle's pinions," he replied after a pause, striving to keep a tremor of apprehension from his voice. "But it is not fitting that your munificence should be lavished on an object so humble as the kindred of the degraded person who addresses you. Moreover," he went on more firmly, "the maid is happily able to dispense even with your illustrious patronage. She has long been betrothed to Kai Fung, and he, by toiling in the quarry, has now the wherewithal to offer her a humble roof."

Li Sing did not at once reply and, when he did speak, it was with seeming irrelevance.

"Has it come to your ears that a sailor was careless enough to take a knife-thrust in the ribs last night?" he enquired.

Wang nodded. "There was talk of it over the midday rice," he said, thankfully accepting the change of subject.

"It is no doubt common knowledge," Li Sing conceded.

"But there is more to the tale than gossip reports. It happened that the incident took place in a discreetly-curtained recess towards the rear of my unpretentious establishment, where those devoted to games of hazard may pass the time agreeably and without fear of interruption from the curious."

Wang nodded again, but with dawning uneasiness. He knew something of the unedifying activities that went on in the squalid rooms at the back of Li Sing's garish saloon. He had heard whispers of gambling, marketing of stolen goods, smuggling, the robbing of fuddled sailors—and worse. But that was a side of his business on which Li Sing was naturally not wont to dwell, and the old man was at a loss to account for his gratuitous reference to it. He was soon enlightened.

"It appears," went on Li Sing, "that the unregretted seaman was by race an American. Now it is the habit of his countrymen to attach importance to the security of their fellows without regard to lack of merit. It would seem, therefore, that the hasty wielder of the knife would be in some peril, were his name to be revealed."

(Continued on page 362)



Hay Wrightson

LADY CONGLETON: A RECENT PORTRAIT

Daughter of the late Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal, who was a Baroness in her own right, Lady Congleton is the sister of the present Lord Strathcona, and mother of the 7th Baron Congleton, who was born in 1925, and is one of seven children, his only brother being the Hon. Christopher Parnell, who is five years younger. Lady Congleton's other brother, Captain the Hon. Arthur Howard, formerly Scots Guards, married the second daughter of Lord and Lady Baldwin

This England . . .



Widecombe-in-the-Moor

IF you be not of these parts you may never have heard of the rider who clattered into Widecombe one wicked night, demanding ale. When it sizzled in his throat the worthies were taken aback; but when he tethered his horse to the church itself and the steeple fell with a dreadful noise, then were they frighted indeed! And the devil of it is that the steeple did fall—in October, 1638. But you do not have to be a Devonian to have sung of Tom Pearce—in places far removed from whitewash and thatch and grim, wild moor. . . sung maybe till the ale nigh sizzled in your own throat. For the English guard well these things—old tales to tell, old songs to sing, and old-fashioned beer (called Worthington these days) to mellow voice and heart.



A PRESENT FOR LI SING—(Continued from page 360)

He paused significantly, and Wang forced himself to ask the question to which, with a sickening sense of realisation, he had already guessed the answer.

"It was Feng?"

"The eye of discernment does not wax dim with age," agreed Li Sing suavely. "It was, as you have divined, the maid Ning's brother—a foolish youth. But there is this to be said. Owing to the fortunate obscurity of the scene of the episode, you alone, apart from Feng and my unworthy self, are in possession of the secret."

"It *must* remain a secret," said Wang urgently.

There was a silence, broken only by the periodic rumble of the stones slithering into the hold of the freighter.

"By the Second of the Five Great Principles," Li Sing resumed, after dreamy contemplation of the view, "a daughter is bound to obey her father. He being dead, it is proper that she should serve her brother. Fair as the lotus flower, Ning will lighten the gloom of my dreary abode. The promptings of an uneasy conscience that bid me reveal the trifling piece of knowledge I have imparted to you will be lulled by her caresses. Feng," he added, in a voice no longer silky, but charged with hidden menace, "departed early this morning for the hills. To recall him would be a simple matter, and it would need then but the merest whisper in the ever-ready ears of authority to reunite him with his ancestors. Ning," he went on, with an abrupt reversion to his earlier manner, "so tender, so compassionate, will doubtless see to it that matters do not proceed to so disastrous an extreme."

For long after Li Sing had left him, old Wang sat motionless. But if his body was still, his brain was unpleasantly active, two scenes passing and repassing before his mental vision.

He could see the shiftless Feng, so often a trial to him and in recent months increasingly addicted to bad company, slipping in at the side door of Li Sing's premises. He pictured him playing fan-tan with a tipsy seaman, visualised the bottle going to and fro across the table, one pile of money growing while the other dwindled. He could imagine the muttered oaths and accusations culminating in an open quarrel, the sudden lunge with an impetuously-drawn knife, and then the dazed staring at an inert body. Li Sing had witnessed it. Knowing Feng's unstable character, he might even have planned the whole thing, so quick had he been to turn the reckless action to account.

That was bad enough. But the other picture was intolerable. Wang imagined Ning's slim figure shrinking away from Li Sing's pawing hands, her sensitive lips crushed against his lascivious mouth. And, when he tired of her, she would be sent to play her part in the outer saloon, a prey to any waterfront rat who took a fancy to her. The old man shivered.

The muffled roar of an exploding blasting charge shook the air and a cloud of dust rose to hover above the hill across the river. Wang stared at it, tugging meditatively at his beard. It seemed that he might continue to sit where he was indefinitely. But when Ning returned from market to prepare the evening rice he had gone, and she was just able to recognise his retreating back as he walked purposefully towards the river.

Li Sing's flabby lips relaxed into a smile when, late that

evening, he saw Wang's bent figure advancing towards him. He caught his eye and signed to him to follow him into his private room, to which the babel of the saloon penetrated only as a subdued murmur.

"The maid is not with you, I observe," he said when the old man had joined him. "Still, her devotion to her brother is surely such as will induce her to make no long delay. Only then will my scruples of conscience be finally quelled."

"I have not spoken to her of the matter," Wang confessed, "for it came to my mind that other means might be found. Not long since you cast an appraising eye on the lamp which is the not unworthy ornament of my house. The fairness of women is fleeting: the beauty of jade endures."

With the words, he produced the lamp from beneath his robe.

"Would not this atone for the indiscretion of a youth whose wits are as two grains of rice in a desert of vacuity?" he murmured.

Li Sing's eyes gleamed. He knew something about jade, and this was as fine a piece as he had ever seen. His fingers itched to light the protruding wick. It would make the stone glow as richly as an opal. But it would not do to seem too eager, though he had already in his mind a merchant at Shanghai who would pay through the nose to lay hands on so exquisite a work of art.

Observing Wang's wistful glance at his precious possession, Li Sing almost laughed aloud at his simplicity. As if the gift of the lamp made any difference to the situation! Ning

was still within his grasp. This reluctant offering would buy her a brief respite, but the threat to the safety of her worthless young brother still remained, and a renewed hint of disclosure would bring her to him fast enough. Meanwhile, he could pretend to be satisfied.

It would be wrong to say that there was much grief at Li Sing's abrupt reunion with his ancestors, least of all among his numerous creditors. But there was endless discussion among his customers and staff who, more fortunate than he, had all won clear of the unaccountable inferno of flame that had so suddenly broken out at the rear of his premises. Nor, since his private room was even more completely destroyed than the rest of the building, was there any means of ascertaining the truth.

No one thought of asking old Wang. He had elected to leave, unobserved, by the side door a moment or two before the outbreak and, in the subsequent excitement, few recalled, and none attached any significance to his earlier inconspicuous passage through the crowded saloon. Indeed, as the months went by, if people spoke of Wang at all, it was only to remark that he seemed to be failing. With Feng working, so it was said, in a neighbouring province and Ning happily married to Kai Fung, their kinsman was increasingly alone. He would sit for hours gazing across the river and seemed to take a childish pleasure in watching the smoke of the blasting operations over the hill. Perhaps his mind was going. The gossips would certainly have thought so had they known that he had once filled a lamp with petrol instead of oil, and borrowed a stick of gelignite from the quarry to use as a wick. But only Li Sing had guessed that. And he realised it too late. [THE END.]



AT THE FLORIDA: MISS DIANA TYRWHITT-DRAKE AND MR. DEREK FALCKE

Snapped at a recent birthday cocktail-party at the Florida, given jointly by Miss Mary Rose Charteris and Mr. Norman Parsons. Miss Tyrwhitt-Drake is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Edward Tyrwhitt-Drake, of Shardeloes Park, Amersham, a very famous Master of the Old Berkeley. Mr. Derek Falcke, is the son of Captain Shirley Falcke, who served in the Blues during the war

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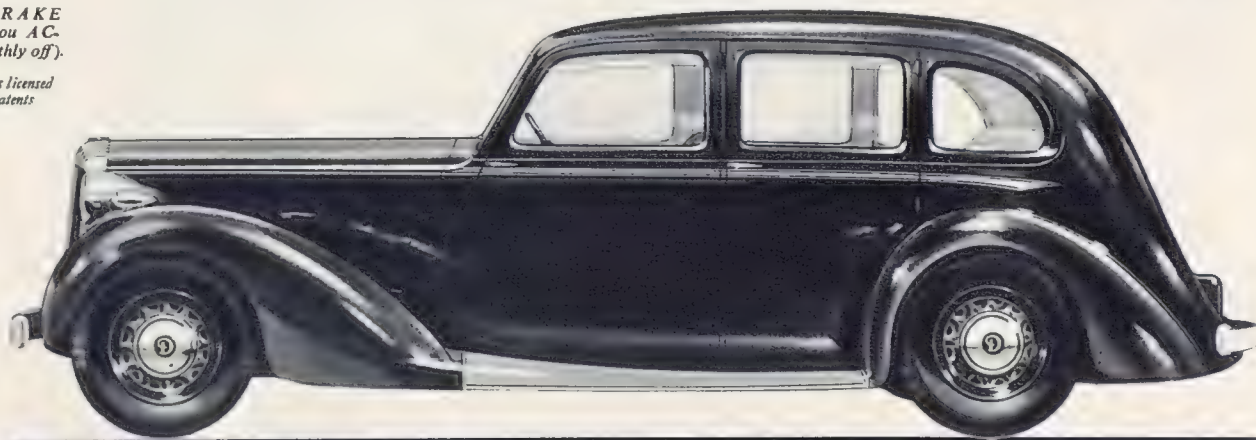
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AT THE GERMAN AERO CLUB'S BALL
IN BERLIN

Numerous foreign guests attended this function in that fine edifice, the House of Flyers, in Berlin. The photograph presents General Ruedel, the newly-appointed President of the Air Arms Commission, in conversation with the British Air Attaché, Group Captain J. L. Vachell, M.C.

they have an organ with a Jack-in-the-box keyboard. I hardly ever go to such places because I dislike children's entertainments, and nearly all films other than the French ones seem to be designed, directed and acted for children by children. So when I did go, the orgiastic organ-eering amazed and shattered me. The man at the controls seemed to revel in the multiplicity of his keys, stops, pedals, and levers, while there occurred a noise like continuous house-breaking. I could not distinguish anything remotely resembling music and the whole thing seemed to me to boil down to a display of desperate personal agility accompanied by a prolonged acoustic earthquake. How like is the duty of the modern air pilot—except that his engines are quieter and more musical than the cinema organ!

No doubt about it, however, the air pilot's keyboard is as complex as the cinema organist's. That was brought home to me again when I was reading Mr. Assen Jordanoff's new book, "Through the Overcast," a book which every practising pilot ought to read and re-read. Mr. Jordanoff, whose piloting experience dates back to 1912, shows in his frontispiece a typical commercial aircraft control-cabin. In that picture 103 gadgets are shown. Every one of those gadgets is necessary for the safe and efficient operation of the aeroplane; but it seems to me that it should now be possible to provide an automatic instrument-scanning device which would only call the pilot's attention if an instrument showed that something was wrong. That cabin wants a clockwork brain, to see and to select, and to relieve the pilot of some of his instrument-reading duties.

Auto-Simplicity.

A CLOCKWORK brain is needed in aviation. Every day people complain about the complexity of the modern aeroplane; about the hundreds of instruments; the thousands of things the pilot must remember to do; and they suggest that designers ought to get back to simplicity. "Back to Blériot!" is the burden of their song. The other day I went to one of those cinemas where

AIR EDDIES

By
OLIVER STEWART

Blind Flying.

Mr. Jordanoff, however, has got so used to all these gadgets that he defends them. He goes further and says that he believes that soon celestial navigation will be considered as necessary to the safety of the airman as it has been for centuries to the safety of the mariner. So we shall have more instruments; more calculations; more things to think about and to remember. But if it is possible to train a person to cope with all these things easily and efficiently, this book helps to do it. It was sent me by the Sperry people, though only one out of twenty-seven chapters is devoted to the Sperry Gyro instruments. The rest cover the whole scope of bad-weather flying, from meteorology and practical forecasting, through instruments to dead reckoning, radio flying and orientation and instrument technique.

The book is written in a "popular" form, which might tend to put off an experienced pilot at first glance; but I recommend readers not to take too much notice of that, but to dig into the book. It contains a large amount of valuable information clearly set out. The Cambridge exhaust gas analyser and how to use it is one of the subjects, for instance, and there is a statement on the way the American air lines obtain their economic cruising figures. My only criticism is that Mr. Jordanoff has not gone over-boldly to the metric system throughout the book. His insistence on feet and miles in some parts is made particularly irritating when all the subjects which have world-wide significance, such as meteorology and radio, are—as they must be—dealt with in the metric system.

Air-Touring Abroad.

Some aeroplane owners seem still to be uncertain about the special touring facilities which the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale identity cards confer. These cards are of great value, for they give the holder free landing and free housing for his aircraft up to forty-eight hours at most of the civil aerodromes in seventeen different countries. The saving may be very considerable on the kind of tour the average private owner makes. The cards are issued to full members of the Royal Aero Club, to which club applications for them must be made, and they are free. Applications have to be accompanied by a passport-size photograph and the applicant has to undertake to use the card, which is not transferable, only when touring abroad in a private capacity.

East African Aero-News.

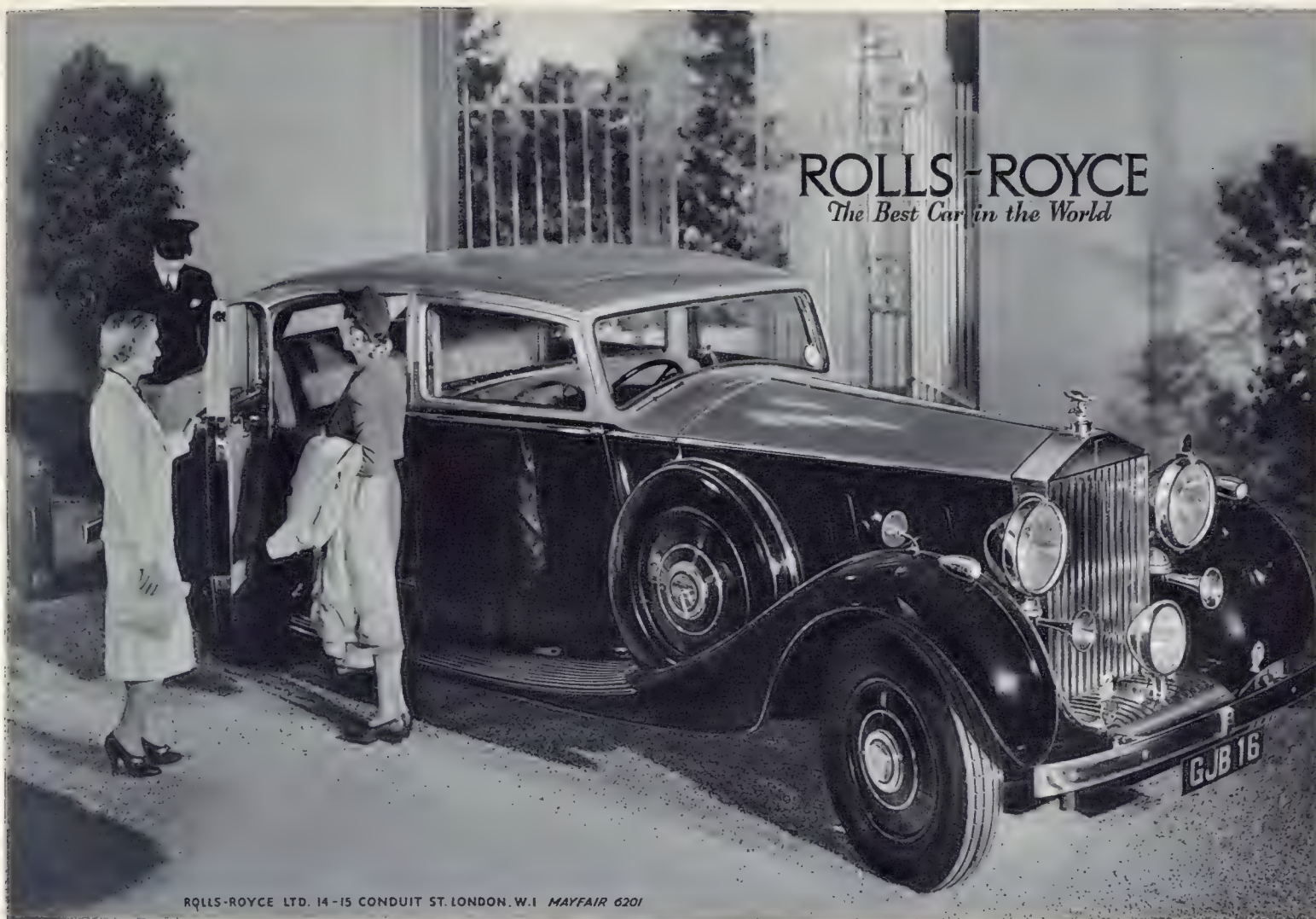
A useful type of club competition is that held by the Aero Club of East Africa for the Mitchell Cup. This competition is expressly designed to interest beginners, and it is confined to "A" licence pilots whose total flying hours, dual and solo, do not exceed fifty. Entrants have to complete two figures of eight at a height of about 150 metres and thereafter to climb to 450 metres, throttle back when over the centre circle of the aerodrome and facing into wind, and land as near as possible to the centre circle without the use of the engine. Take-off and general handling of the machines on the ground and in the air are taken into account. The winner this time was Mr. T. R. King, who was flying a "Gipsy Major." He completed his tenth solo-flying hour during the course of the competition.



Swaebe

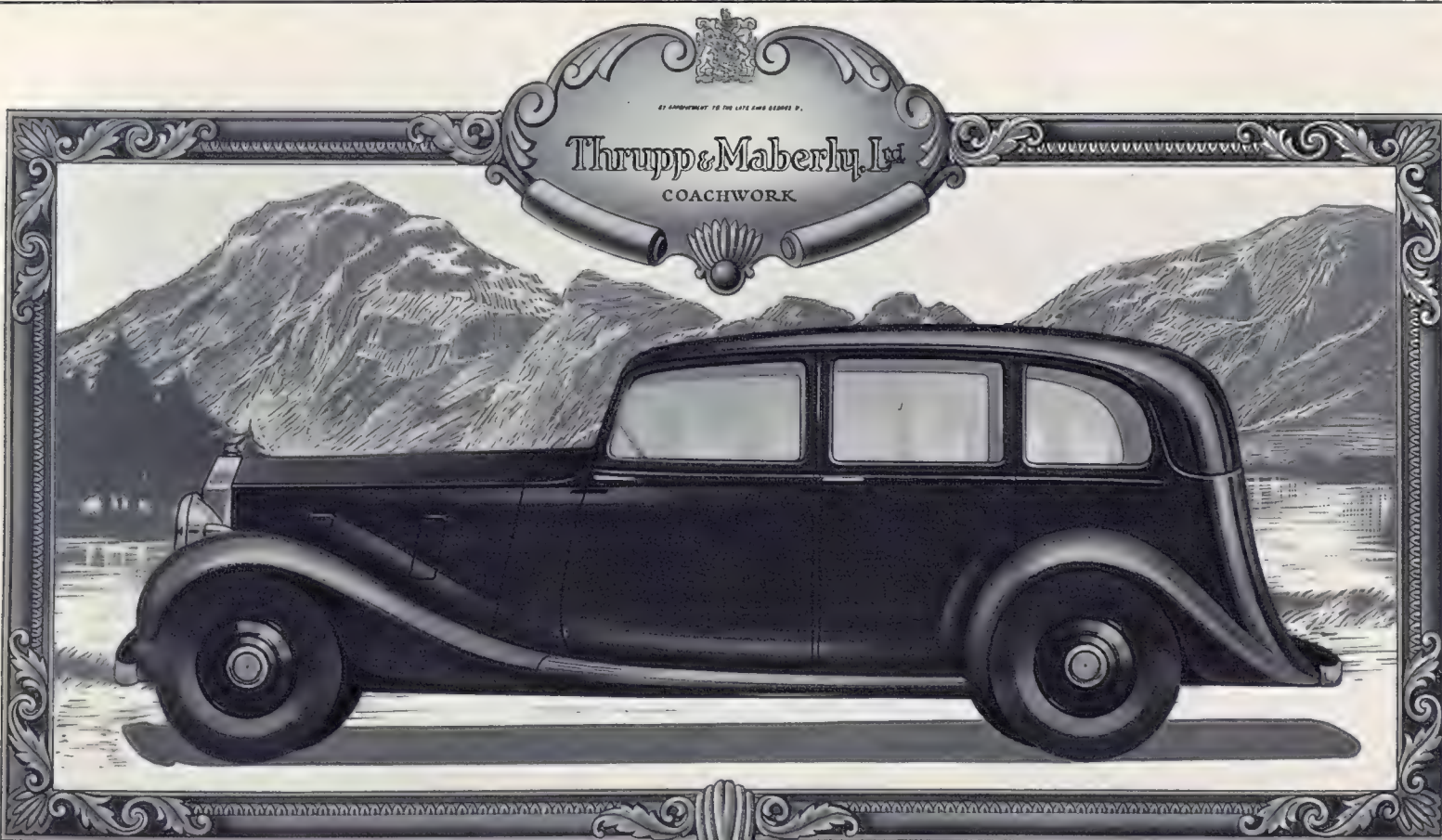
THE OPENING OF THE NEW OFFICERS' MESS AT KENLEY

A cocktail-party was given recently for the opening of the new officers' mess of the 615th County Surrey Fighter Squadron Auxiliary Air Force at Kenley. Amongst the 200 guests were Air Marshal Courtney, who arrived back with Lord Chatfield after their mission abroad. The names in the above picture are: Fl./Lt. Dampier, Fl./Lt. Sawyer (adjutant taking over), Air Marshal Courtney, Squadron Leader Harvey (C.O., 615); (back) Squadron Leader Collard (retiring adjutant) and Air Commodore J. C. Quinell



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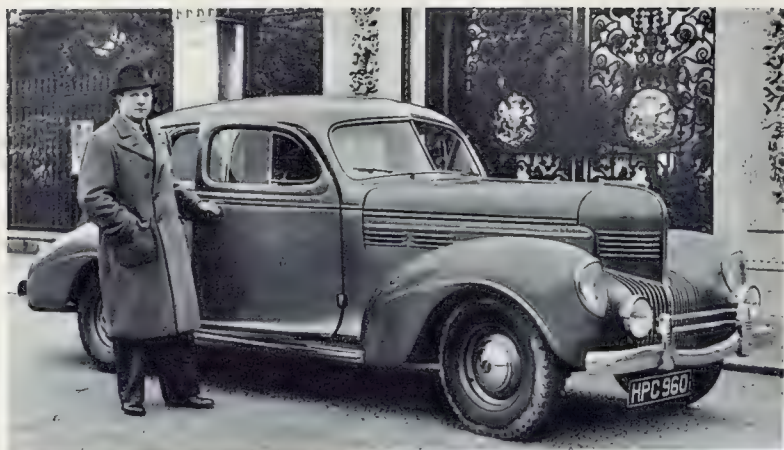
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MR. JOHN COBB WITH HIS NEW CHRYSLER "IMPERIAL"

A proud owner and a very beautiful car. Mr. John Cobb, C.B.E., is a former Dean of the Technological Faculty, and is Honorary Secretary of the Joint Research Committees of the University of Leeds with the Institution of Gas Engineers and the National Benzole Association

It's the Top.

FUSS is to-day the villain of the piece in all kinds of motoring.

A fussy motor-car is as undesirable as a nagging woman, though it may be more useful. Top-gear performance is so highly prized because it is the remedy for fuss; it eliminates the blowy buzz of the busybody gear-box; it soothes and satisfies. And because of this high regard in which top-gear performance is now held, I was particularly interested in a special demonstration to which I was invited last week. I will try and describe that demonstration objectively; to set out the facts and then to let you draw your own conclusions from them, for I think that they are able to put themselves over without any adjectival orchestra to accompany them.

The car was a Humber "Super-Snipe," standard in every respect. The engine is a six-cylinder of 4085.7 c.c. rated at 26.88 h.p. and taxed at £20 5s. The valves are at the side; there is a down-draught carburettor with automatic choke control, and the engine is mounted on rubber. Top gear of the four-speed gear-box—the only one that concerns us in the present instance—is 4.09 to 1. Brakes are hydraulic, transmission is by open shaft, suspension is independent at the front and semi-elliptic at the rear. Now you have an idea of the car in mind, let me get on to the demonstration. But first I should mention that throughout the test four people were carried.

The Lever Left.

Starting-point was Devonshire House. Here the car's gear-lever was put in top and the lever itself removed from the car so that changes of gear were henceforward impossible. On top gear, therefore, with the four people aboard, the car drove through London's bus-infested streets to Highgate, where Swains Lane was climbed. This is a hill with an average gradient of one in twelve and a maximum of one in seven at least, and un-rushable. Starting at about 15 m.p.h., the "Super-Snipe" climbed this hill easily. From the top of



THE NEW WOLSELEY "TEN"

The robust four-cylinder o.h.v. engine of this car develops 40 b.h.p. and is mounted well forward of the sturdy cross-braced chassis. It has an elegant six-light, four-door, four-seater body, and, in fact, is a most attractive job of work all round

If they come into force they will constitute the severest blow that has yet been aimed at private motoring. The private motor-car is valuable and sought after largely because it gives door-to-door travel as well as good going in the open. Take away its ability to go from door to door by artificial means and you take away nine-tenths of the private motor-car's attraction. That is what Mr. Burgin proposes to do. Protests have come in from many parts and if Mr. Burgin goes on with his plans he will be flouting public opinion; but that seems to be a favourite exercise with the modern politician. In internal as in external politics it is brute force that counts, and motoring, with its relatively small voting power, has little of it. I still feel that, if motoring had wanted to ensure that those regulations would not be made, it ought to have undertaken a big publicity campaign against them. No one appreciates the good work of the Motor Legislation Committee more than I do; but the fact remains that it operates behind the scenes, and in these days every demand must be backed up by intensive publicity.

100 m.p.h. Average.

That was a worthy effort of a 4½-litre Bentley the other day when it proved its ability to maintain a speed of over 100 m.p.h. for long stretches. The car started from Paris and did the 180 miles to Metz at an average of 60 m.p.h., at one time reaching 115 miles an hour on the way. The 38 miles between Montmirail and Chalons were covered at an average of 76 m.p.h. It was on the German roads, however, that the highest speeds were reached. The first 25 miles on the motor road out of Mannheim were covered at an average of 100 m.p.h. and at one stage the car was doing more than 120 m.p.h.



JEAN BOROTRA AND CHARMING WIFE AT DULWICH

The incomparable Jean led the Paris team to victory v. London in the 23rd annual indoor contest at Dulwich, France winning by 12 matches to 9; and she has now won this trophy sixteen times. Mme. Borotra is on her first visit to London since her marriage, and is particularly interested in our picture-galleries

Let us explain...

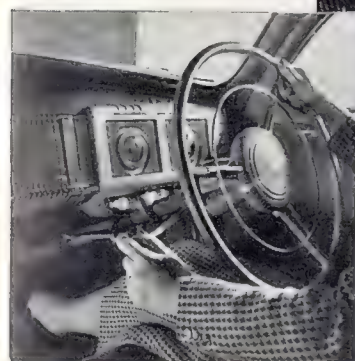
ORDINARY GEAR CHANGE

This shows the light track of the movement required when changing gear with the conventional type of control. Note the large area of travel, the distance from the Steering Wheel, and the different arcs through which the hand has to travel.



CHRYSLER STEERING COLUMN GEAR CONTROL

This illustration shows the operation of the new type Steering Column Gear Control. All the movements of the hand are close to the Steering Wheel, and follow closely the same arc, no matter which gear is being used. Gear changing the new Chrysler style is effortless, quick, smooth and silent.



To obtain these extraordinary pictures, a small light was fixed to the driver's hand, the studio darkened and the plate exposed. In the dim light, the movement of the hand itself was invisible to the camera—and only the light was recorded.

Steering column gear control is only one of motoring's latest engineering developments which distinguish the new Chryslers. The 1939 features of these fine cars include Dual Power Transmission, New High Rigidity Frame, Safety Signal Speedometer and others too numerous to mention. May we suggest that personal inspection and trial will convince you of Chrysler's superiority. Your local Chrysler dealer will be glad to arrange a demonstration.

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by Lloyd Triestino



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From the Shires and Provinces (Cont. from page 330)

From the Warwickshire.

The worst part of the month of February is that the dread thought intrudes itself that "next" month it's all over, and also that point-to-point considerations begin to draw both men (women, too, by the way) and horses away from their "lawful occasions." On the other hand, this is the month when hounds, horses and foxes should be at their very best. Tuesday at Welford was a good galloping day after a drowsy dose of Welford Wood to begin with. Scent wasn't so very good, which was a pity, being John Lakin's farewell visit to Golden Cross and Darlingscote Rough Field—perhaps the two best Tuesday coverts of the lot. Hat strings will have to come into fashion again. Only our *very* elders seem to wear them. Two good hats went west, one making downstream with a will. Someone suggested that by nightfall it would probably be viewed in the Bristol Channel and reported as a floating mine. The state of the national nerves is now such that it is quite likely. A great gathering went to Leicester for the sale of John Lakin's horses, and quite a few of them reappeared on the Southam day with their new owners "upstairs." Friendship could scarcely go further than to lend back, as "Mud" did for his late owner's final day, perhaps the best one of the lot.

From the Pytchley.

Nothing much can be said about the day's fox-hunting after the meet at Sywell on Monday, beyond the fact that it was the most beautiful day upon which to wander around Sywell and Hardwicke Wood. From Crick, on Wednesday, it was a very different matter, and the great sport that followed was enjoyed by many followers—not, perhaps, including poor Colonel Borwick, who in the absence of either Master was put in charge of the field and was unlucky enough to break a rib. A quick recovery to our future joint-Master.

Lord Broughley's hounds paid a visit to Althorp Park on Thursday, where Lord Spencer did host and field-Master. The large field included the two South Atherstone Masters.

A splendid show was put up by the Queen's Bays in their cross-country race at Brington. Nothing could have been more popular than Evelyn's win, and their tent was raided by a great number of socialites and the Masters after the race was over.

Enormous fun in the day's hunting that followed.

From the York and Ainstey.

The Red House area was still terribly deep when the South pack met at Marston Station on Tuesday (February 7). Scent could never be called good; nevertheless, hounds caught a fox and were on the go most of the day, with hunts from Deighton Whin, the rough fields east of Hessay, and Rufforth Whin. During the morning, when hounds made a quick turn and the field had to retrace their steps in a hurry, a lady and a gent collided, both coming down with a crash and the latter being concussed; perhaps the brakes didn't act quick enough. However, we understand the victims were quite all right next day.

Thursday as usual saw both packs out, the South meeting at Newton-on-Ouse and having a somewhat uninteresting day, all between Court House and Overton Woods. Incidentally, the first fox went over the L.N.E.R. main line and hounds had a narrow escape from an express train.

The Foggathorpe meet on Saturday (11th) with the South pack, resulted in one of the best days of the season, all in the grass country lent by the Holderness. There were two fast hunts of twenty minutes each, followed by a sharp spin of ten minutes and, finally, a very good forty-five minutes from Brighton Common in a big right-handed ring. The day was warm and springlike, and we saw in a field near Willitoft a somewhat unusual sight—a brace of foxes curled up, apparently asleep, among a flock of sheep. It was one of these that provided the above-mentioned sharp spin before getting to ground near Gribthorpe.

From Lincolnshire.

Saturday (February 11) was a most glorious day, foretelling an early Spring, and it was a joy to be out. Although smell had been lacking earlier in the week, the Blankney, after meeting at the "Four Horse Shoes," found things to their liking, and hounds provided one of the best days this season. Followers had to cram on their hats and punch along to keep anywhere near the bitches as they sped over the Vale—now happily free from flood water—and a couple of masks were hanging from the saddle before a halt was called. Many strangers were out to enjoy this really great day. The pack narrowly escaped destruction on the railway on the Wednesday, when the main body crossed just in front of a Lincoln express, but one of the laggards was cut to pieces.

Southwold hunting was stopped earlier in the week owing to the passing of Mr. J. E. Davy, veteran of the Hunt, who was ninety-five! Hunting people from far and wide, and the staff, attended the funeral of this grand old sportsman.

From the Grafton.

The going was very heavy on Monday when hounds met at Foxley. There were as many as five brace of foxes in Grubbs' Copse, and it was a bit difficult to eliminate the vixens. They eventually ran slowly

to Astcote Thorns and back past Potcote to Grimscoth Heath and down to Radmore, and nearly on to the Watling Street where reynard doubled back and was lost. There were plenty of foxes afoot in Maidford and Jewell Woods, but scent was too poor to do anything much with them. The Foxley Bottom took toll of several followers. Lilah stood on her head, and Mary Rose had a mud bath and was nearly unrecognizable. They returned to Grubbs' Copse but could not run far with any of the foxes. Friday from Woodend was an enjoyable and busy day. Plumpton Wood was the first draw, and they were some time before emerging with their fox on a good line and ran really fast over the Adstone road and to ground in Ashby Bushes. Lord Amherst had a nasty fall and was kicked on the head and shoulders. There were a brace of foxes in Weedon Bushes, hounds getting away with the second over a nice line of country but not much helped by scent, and eventually went back to the Bushes. From Astwell Mill they had a grand start, the fox swimming the pond and hounds in full cry. They raced him through Old Mountains across Old Park nearly to Wappenham, and over the Syresham road into Bucknells. Unfortunately they changed foxes in Blackmires, running through Crownlands and on to the Brackley road where they were stopped.

From South Cheshire.

Tuesday from Brindley Lea put sixteen bars of gold and a few odd shillings into the half-crown bag. Whether it worked out at 2s. 6d. a head requires the brain of either a Clerk of the Scales, Course, Court or three in one Chippis himself, whose accuracy on this subject is beyond "belief," even to nobbling one of his own Bench, ante-ing up a penny by mistake. Both hunts in the morning were disappointing. From Bath Wood for three fields things happened fast and furious, even to girlish confidences, apparently not endearments, being exchanged at the third fence between, it is believed, a side-saddle lady from over the Border and an astride lady from the vicinity of Tarporley. But as the incident occurred on the blind side of our informant, identification was impossible, but what he does not know now about their exchanged opinions of each other simply is not knowledge. In the afternoon hounds hunted well for seventy-five minutes, being unlucky not to account for their fox.

Not a large field met at Duddon. Hounds killed a brace at Waverton, and from Crow's Nest went away over the River Gowie to a destination known only to themselves for about the next hour. The field having crossed the river upstream or down, hunted each other at speed over nice country for twenty minutes before it was decided to call this race void and change the direction for Hoofield, where most of the pack was found. Who won this old-fashioned race was hard to say, one or two "lay upsides," but it was in our opinion a near thing between Richard and the Judge. The day ended with a good hunt from Stapleford.

Beaufort and Gloucestershire Gleanings.

Tuesday at Cherrington, a stormy morning and scent was decidedly catchy, but the day improved and the afternoon hunt round Upton was fun. On Wednesday, at West Littleton, the local foxes were given a dusting and we finished up with a fast spin by Burton. The winds have dried up the Monday and Thursday country, and we had a useful day on Thursday from Bradenstoke with Holland and the dog hounds, but Saturday was without doubt our red-letter day of the season.

Master was hunting the bitch pack at Fosse Lodge and we were running hard all day, the evening hunt from Pinkney being at racing pace. Two brace of foxes were accounted for and there were some very dirty backs and tired horses that evening. We must offer our congratulations to Joyce and Hugh Brassey and wish them the best of luck. The party season will be very dull without her. The best of good sport to Captain Tubby Martyr, who for many seasons hunted from Tidworth, and next season goes in as joint-Master of the Cattistock. Don't forget your entries for the point-to-point. We must put up a good show in the local races this season.

Meynell Musings.

The weather seems to have more or less settled down, and on Thursday from Thurvaston Stoop we had a first-class day's sport, hounds running fast in the two morning hunts with a sharp one from The Rough to finish the day. The party on Friday night, given by The Colonel and Eileen was packed and the best of fun, many old Meynellites turning up, including Betty and Peter, Kay and Errol Bea, etc., etc. We are glad they had some fun on Thursday, but Saturday was disappointing. After being entertained at the "Dog and Partridge" by Babe and Mike, a fox was quickly found at Rolleston, hounds getting away on his brush to slip most of the field for some considerable time, in fact it was rather like a treasure hunt, followers of the field deserting their horses and taking to cars in their efforts to find hounds! A fair-sized field turned up at Cubley Stoop on Monday, but several disappointments followed, and then our pilot quickly got to ground, a twisting hunt followed from Norbury over the river and railway. Our local amateur riders have been in the wars. Babe took a nasty one at Derby, breaking several ribs, whilst Luke hurt his leg badly at Nottingham. We wish them both a speedy recovery.



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A Beautiful
SKIN *springs*
from
within



Sections of skin highly magnified

only scientific method
of skin rejuvenation

Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off, poor layer of active tissue, inactive cells shrunk to three rows.

Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5: surface smooth and firm, rich active tissue; increased rows of growing cells; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS MARY WILLIAMS

The second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Williams and granddaughter of Colonel Sir Robert Williams, Bt., who is engaged to Lieutenant-Commander W. Crawford, the second son of the late H. E. W. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford, of Wyld Court, Axminster, Devon

late Captain the Hon. J. B. Campbell, D.S.O., and of Alice Lady Stratheden, Hunthill, Jedburgh, Roxburghshire; Mr. A. N. A. Boyd, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Boyd, of Woodside Cottage, Windsor Forest, and Suzanne Mary, only daughter of Brigadier-General B. H. H. Cooke, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Cooke, of Queen Anne's Cottage, Windsor; Captain T. A. Moody, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Moody, Lynwood, Littleham Cross, Exmouth, and late of Monaghan, Ireland, and Margot, elder daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel R. M. Bell, Indian Army, and Mrs. Bell; Squadron Leader H. A. V. Hogan, only son of Lieutenant-Colonel E. M. A. Hogan, of Sandhurst, Berkshire, and the late Mrs. Hogan, and Margaret Venetia, second daughter of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. W. Tomkinson, of Stert House, near

Some March Weddings.

A wedding in Paris on March 3 is that of Mr. P. H. O'Hanlon and Miss Rhona Francis Robinson, The Gables, Oxted, Surrey; on the 9th is the wedding of Mr. I. Stuart and Miss Audrey Spencer. This will take place at St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, at 2.30 p.m. Also on the 9th is the wedding of Mr. A. Thesiger and Miss Virginia Graham, and the church is St. George's, Hanover Square.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. A. G. Seton, of Oldama, Naro Moru, Kenya Colony, eldest son of the late George Seton and of Mrs. Seton, Stonehall, Wolf's Castle, Pembrokeshire, and Jean, only daughter of the



MISS E. DAVIES

The second daughter of Mr. D. James Davies, C.B.E., Newfoundland Commissioner in London, and Mrs. Davies, who is engaged to Mr. J. A. P. Bagge, the elder son of Mr. J. P. Bagge, C.M.G., and Mrs. Bagge, of Stradsett Hall, Norfolk

Devizes; Lieutenant A. J. Dent, R.N., youngest son of Sir Francis Dent, of Curzon Street, and the late Lady Dent, and Diana Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leland Buxton, of Cranley Place, S.W.7; Mr. H. F. Payne, elder son of the late Sir Henry Payne, K.B.E., C.B., and Lady Payne, of Pitthanger, Frensham, Surrey, and Betty Mary Langslow Bishop, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Bishop, of Bearwardcote, Etwell, Derby; Mr. J. F.

Warren, 4th Btn. (Wilde's) 13th Frontier Force Rifles, third son of the Rev. W. M. K. and Mrs. Warren, Binegar Rectory, Bath, and Ursula Janet, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Morel, Erines, Tarbert, Argyll; Mr. H. R.

Rooper, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Rooper, of Winchester, and Miss Monica Harriett Louisa Griffith, daughter of the late Archdeacon Griffith, of Thorp Arch, Yorkshire, and Mrs. Griffith; Mr. S. T. Miller, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Miller, of Gilmerton, Trumpington, Cambridge, and Mary Ada, only daughter of the late Major H. D. Marshall, and Mrs. Marshall, of Pilham Hall, near Gainsborough; Lt. W. R. Stewart, R.N., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Stewart of Eskbank, Midlothian, and Audrey, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Harper of Plymstock, Devon; Lt. E. Bruce, R.N., son of the Rev. Dr. Roslyn Bruce, D.D., and Mrs. Bruce, Herstmonceux Rectory, Sussex, and Silvia Daphne, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Sylvester Bradley, The Manor House, Langton Herring, Dorset; Mr. D. R. Venning, 5th Royal Gurkha Rifles, and Ruth Mary, eldest daughter of Mrs. L. R. Feat Mockbeggar, Hants.



MISS SHEENA FORBES

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Forbes, of Ross-shire, who is to marry Commander L. G. Addington, D.S.C., R.N. (retd.), the only son of the late Major W. L. Addington, of Budleigh Salterton

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

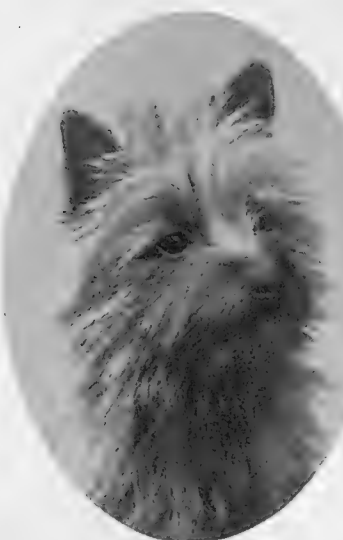
I hope that our show this year will be amusing. We are going to try the "group" system. All breeds are grouped. There are five groups: sporting, non-sporting, gun dogs, terriers, and toys. The breed judges give a "best in breed" in each breed; these compete in their groups. At the end the winner of each group is brought in to compete for the best dog in the show. This system of judging is used in America. It has several advantages; any one interested in a particular group can go and see it without the boredom of seeing other breeds. The final award is easy to follow. Also it does away with the ridiculous anomaly of a beaten dog being made best in show, as no dog can compete in a group which has been beaten in its breed. The group judging takes place in the afternoon. The show is this year on Tuesday, March

her dogs go, so they are all for sale really reasonably to good homes. The Bedlington Terrier is a dog of great character, most sporting, handy and affectionate.

I don't think the Cairn will ever lose his popularity. He is such a handy little dog, intelligent, devoted, hardy and long lived. Added to this, that Cairns require very little preparation for exhibition and you can quite well show your own dog. Long may it be so! Baroness Burton owns one of the most famous kennels of Cairns. She has kept them for many years and bred many champions. She is now reducing her kennel, which has, as kennels do, become too large, so there is a large draft for sale. It includes the well-known stud dog Ch. Drumgewick Jacob, whom she bought from Lady Gooch. There are also some good bitches which should breed winners, and some youngsters of both sexes, suitable either for show or as companions.

Applications should be made to Lady Burton. The Sealyham Terrier has become immensely popular, in fact, I should say one sees more Sealyhams in the country in England—not Scotland—than any other terrier. He only made his debut in this country a short time before the War, but of course was well known in his native Wales long before that. He is an attractive lively little dog, full of determination and character. The Misses Verrall have a well-known kennel of Sealyhams and have done well. The "Walsgrave" prefix is famous in show annals. Like all large kennels there are usually youngsters of the best breeding who have been well reared for sale, suitable for companions or show. Anyone wanting a really jolly companion should take advantage of this opportunity.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam Southampton.



CAIRN TERRIER

Property of Baroness Burton

14 instead of in May, as in previous years. Alsations have been rather unlucky dogs. There was the tremendous boom after the War; every one wanted an Alsatian; people kept them who were not fit to keep a canary, with the usual results where large dogs are concerned. Then there was an outcry against them, equally foolish. Now they have settled down, and it is recognized that there is no better or more charming companion than a well-trained Alsatian of good temperament. Mrs. O'Brien is one of those people who are careful of this. No dog is kept, far less sent out, who has not a good temperament. They can be thoroughly trusted. She writes: "I have a young Alsatian prize winner and of good temperament I want to sell." There is also a litter of Blue Bedlington, nine weeks old, for sale—the mother is a champion. Mrs. O'Brien is always careful where



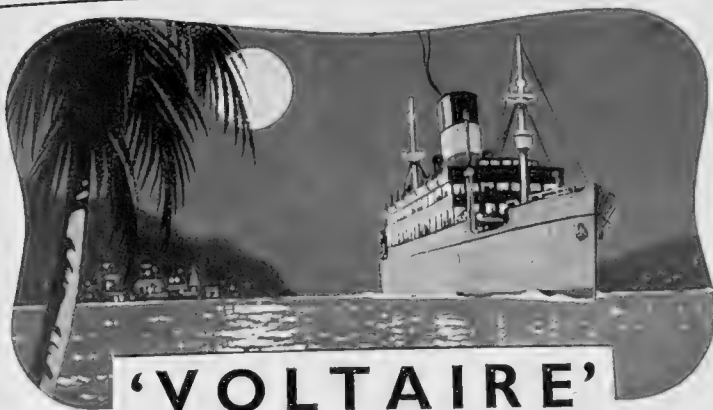
CH. BUBBLE OF HANNISH

Property of Mrs. O'Brien



SEALYHAM TERRIERS

Property of the Misses Verrall



'VOLTAIRE' AND 'VANDYCK'

First Class Only.

Window or porthole in every room.

APRIL 6 . EASTER . 2 CRUISES

"Voltaire" from Southampton to Mediterranean, calling at Gibraltar, Villefranche (Monte Carlo, Nice), Naples, Capri, Lisbon. 18 days from 25 gns.

"Vandyck" from Liverpool to Canary Isles, calling at Casablanca, Teneriffe, Santa Cruz de la Palma, Madeira, Lisbon. 18 days from 25 gns.

APRIL 29 TO EGYPT

"Voltaire" from Southampton to Eastern Mediterranean, calling at Gibraltar, Athens, Alexandria (for Cairo), Malta, Bizerta (for Tunis), Lisbon. 24 days from 35 gns.

MAY 13—"Vandyck" from Liverpool to Canary Is. 14 days from 18 gns.

MAY 27 (Whitsun)—"Voltaire" from Southampton to Mediterranean. 18 days from 25 gns.

And regular sailings to end September from Southampton and Liverpool

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by regular service of first-class cargo vessels

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Guaranteed actual
unretouched photo-
graphs of eyes of a
well-known middle-
aged business woman
before and one week
after the removal of
puffiness and lines.

EYES

The result is
guaranteed 15
to 25 years,
10,000 cases,
including all

other facial blemishes, have been successfully treated, 30 years' experience. For the time in the interests of the public we have issued the following challenge in the Press, and it has never been taken up:—"The Hystogen Institute will pay £5,000 to King Edward's Hospital Fund if anyone can successfully remove puffiness and loose wrinkled skin around the eyes, immediately and permanently, by any other method which is approved by the Medical Profession than the one evolved and practised at the Hystogen Institute, and producing equally amazing results."

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LIQUEURS (36 kinds)

Offer guests the three below:

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CRÈME de MENTHE

APRICOT BRANDY

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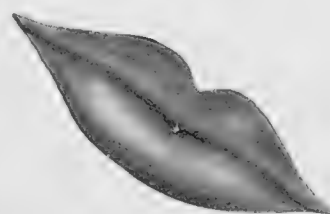


Distinction

FROM THE MOST
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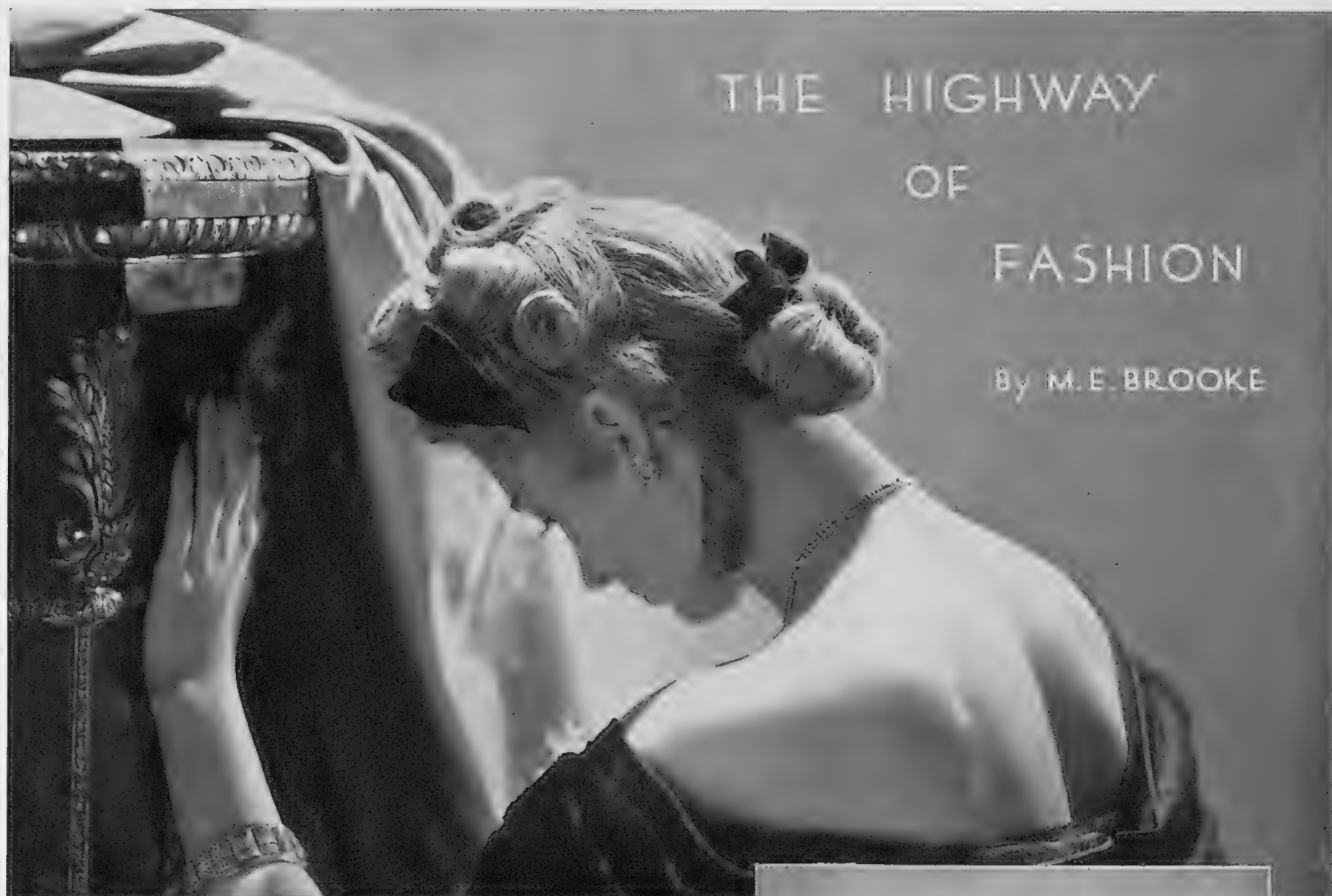
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Lipstick 4/6
Refills 3/6
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Louis Philippe partners this distinguished lipstick with a singular rouge—Rouge Pâte Angelus. It is a pâte rouge, neither a cream nor a compact powder, and emphasises the natural colouring of your complexion with unique elegance and subtlety. 3/6 in charming gilt case.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

By M.E. BROOKE



NO one can fail to be delighted with Raymond's (Grafton Street, Bond Street) new spring theme. As will be seen from the pictures on this page—there are three views—he has successfully and artistically interpreted the modes which prevailed at the Marie Antoinette Court. Incidentally, he has sought inspiration from the coiffures of the men as well as from those of the women. In those days any man could have the double bow of hair caught with velvet as seen in the picture at the top of the page. Curls are well represented; they can be arranged with patent attachments or with the client's own hair. Sometimes Raymond introduces Victorian notes that are in complete harmony with the Marie Antoinette



Awaiting your Attention

*The arrival of our choice from
the Paris collections; the charm and
gaiety of the new spring designs find
an ideal setting in the striking decor
of our new model millinery salon.*



Original Paris Model

Debenham & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Langham 4444

(Debenhams Ltd)

FOR THE TABLE



ALL the gifts for the table portrayed on this page have been designed and carried out by Mappin & Webb at their Sheffield Works, where over 1,000 British workpeople are regularly employed. They are made or mounted with this firm's world-famous Prince's Plate. This firm have large London showrooms at Oxford Street, Regent Street and Queen Victoria Street



AT the top of this page on the right is a handsome and practical dinner bell for five guineas—surely a perfect gift. In the group above is a biscuit box for three pounds, ice pail for two pounds five shillings, and a cocktail shaker for three pounds five shillings



A MOST unusual, nevertheless modish gift is the glass in the stand for holding drinks. It is only sixteen shillings and is reminiscent of the old-world toddy glass. On the right is an oil and vinegar stand and on the left two sauce boats for three pounds, twelve and six



"EAT more fruit" is a fashionable slogan; therefore every table demands the accessories on the left—the fruit dish and the sugar and cream stands. Of course there is an infinite variety of attractive designs

THE hors d'oeuvre stand with servers has much to be said in its favour. It will be a constant reminder of the donor and a subtle compliment to the recipients. One may become the possessor of it for eight guineas

Pictures by Blake





“In the present state of medical knowledge..”

Because the modern Doctor is a scientist and not a “medicine man” he is willing to take us into his confidence. “Yes”, he says, “there still remain many dark mysteries of health and disease. But here is a principle you *can* rely on. To put young and old on their feet again after illness you must feed their nerves and blood with organic phosphorus and protein.”

‘Sanatogen’ supplies this organic phosphorus and protein, and supplies it in a form we can all assimilate.

If illness has left you listless, run-down, nervy, take ‘Sanatogen’. It will restore your lost vigour and vitality; it will give you full-blooded health and energy again. Remember ‘Sanatogen’ is not a mere pick-me-up: the good it does is positive and lasting.



Take an eight weeks’ course of

‘SANATOGEN’

A brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate.

Trade Mark

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—and live up to life again!

Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks’ course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

A ‘GENATOSAN’ product. The word ‘SANATOGEN’ is the Trade Mark of Genatosan Ltd. and denotes their famous brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate.

M & C



We’ve chosen this classic tailor-made in chalk-stripe Flannel from our inspired Collection of Model Suits for Spring. Man-tailored of course —our cutter will copy the new styles to your measures in any material you may choose for 10½ gns.

Fenwick
of **BOND ST.**
(CORNER OF BROOK STREET)

FENWICK LTD., LADIES’ TAILORS, 63 NEW BOND STREET, W.1



Spring Campaign



EVERY woman can have a beautiful skin provided she will follow certain rules. The Cyclax system builds up loveliness and defends the skin against innumerable enemies before endeavouring to enhance its natural beauty. "The Art of Being Lovely" sent gratis and post free on application to Cyclax, 58 South Molton Street, is a brochure explaining that the aim of Cyclax is to cultivate natural loveliness



THE trio of bottles at the foot of the page contain some very important lotions. There is the Special—it is antiseptic and draws every particle of acid waste from under the surface of the skin. A few applications of this lotion will rid the skin of blackheads and discolorations. Cleansing Lotion removes make-up. Braceine has a stimulating ice effect: a small quantity should be added to the water



NOWADAYS as every woman travels by land, sea or air, cases have been created wherein the Cyclax beauty products may be housed. A trio of these are portrayed. Lilac tinted enamel makes the case at the top of the page, and everyone will admit that the price is very moderate when it is stated that it is 30s. Introducing the Home Treatment there is a trial size for 12/6

TRAVEL Case de Luxe is seen with the steamer in the background. In leather it is £6 16s. 6d., in rawhide £8 18s. 6d. It is fitted with Cyclax preparations, detachable mirror, space beneath the tray for accessories, and all jars and bottles have screw tops. Then there is the semi-circular bag with sliding fastening. It is lined with oilskin

Pictures by Blake

YOU CAN BUY ANYTHING AT WARINGS ON THE "TWELVE MONTHLY PAYMENT PLAN"

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(Minimum payment £1 a month)



A fine quality walnut bedroom suite with exceptionally interesting veneers. 5-ft. bow-fronted Wardrobe. 4-ft. Kidney-shaped Dressing Table. 3-ft. Cabinet. The 'Rathbone' Suite. £130. 15. 0.

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There's nothing like a JIG-SAW PUZZLE!

With a jig-saw in the house you have an entertaining and amusing companion always. From the pages of the world-renowned ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS have been selected a number of magnificent colour drawings by the most eminent artists of the day. The subjects, of general and of historical interest, have been reprinted as jig-saw puzzles, and are now offered for the first time. These Jig-Saws measure 16" x 12" (approx. 225 pieces) and are magnificently printed and mounted on plywood cut interlocking by the master craftsman "Chad Valley." And, so that you can store your puzzles neatly, they are packed in strongly made book-cover boxes; just the thing for your bookcase or bookshelf.

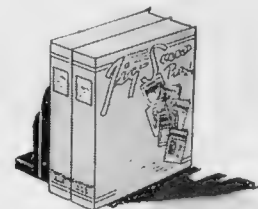
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David Copperfield's Journey from Yarmouth to London, by Fortunino Matania, R.I.
A Christmas Incident in a Surrey Farmhouse, by Fortunino Matania, R.I.
The Apple of His Majesty's Eye, by William Van de Velde the Younger.
H.M. The King, Riding in Windsor Park, with T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose.

A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti," by F. Matania, R.I., is shown above. This is one of the delightful pictures available.

Orders with remittance should be sent to:

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23-24 FETTER LANE. LONDON. E.C.4



Golf (Continued from page 336)

nothing of this country, its golfers, its spectators, its golf courses, or its weather. Certainly the conditions at Carnoustie were, to put it mildly, unusual. At any rate, Cotton is now prepared to agree to what must be almost a unique clause in the history of these challenge matches: he will agree that they shall only play the match if it turns out to be a reasonably fine day!

Ill informed, or perhaps ill disposed, persons are saying that Cotton won't play Locke for fear of being beaten. They might care to look into his record against American professionals. In challenge, exhibition, or Ryder Cup matches he has been beaten only once. He has played and defeated Gene Sarazen, Ed Dudley, Al Watrous, Densmore Shute, Tony Manero, and Horton Smith (twice). He beat Walter Hagen over thirty-six holes at Waterloo, Belgium, but Walter beat him in a return match at Ashridge with a typical "Hagen" finish. That is the only time he has lost to an American.

Regular readers of this page will recall periodical tirades against the iniquities of the illicit traffic in golf balls. Some may have thought I was exaggerating the position: even St. Andrews took some years to realize that what I was saying so rudely and so consistently was true. Well, our efforts have been rewarded at last. By the time this is printed the manufacturers will probably have signed a joint convention, agreeing to drop the practice of sending free balls surreptitiously to several hundred

"amateur" players up and down the country and, furthermore to refrain from distributing them as "samples" during amateur championships. Whether the less scrupulous members of the trade find means of evading this "gentleman's agreement" remain to be seen, but the fact cannot be denied that a great advance has already been made and a stout blow struck in the campaign to prevent amateur golf sinking so low in the public estimation as amateur lawn tennis.

For myself I am particularly happy on behalf of the golf ball travellers, many of whom are my very good friends, who have had so long to be a party to practices highly distasteful to most of them. Now it only remains for golfers themselves to impose a voluntary code of conduct which will ban for ever the disreputable habits of the past ten years.

* * *

An Appeal

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, plead for five shillings weekly for a frail maiden lady. The daughter of an accountant, she was left penniless and without training in late middle age by her father's death, and the effort to support herself broke her health. Until lately she has lived on thirty shillings a week, squeezed by a married sister from her dress allowance, but alas, this gift has perforce been reduced to fifteen shillings a week owing to her brother-in-law's financial losses, and this poor lady is struggling in ill-health close to semi-starvation. Please help her until she gets her old age pension; £13 needed.

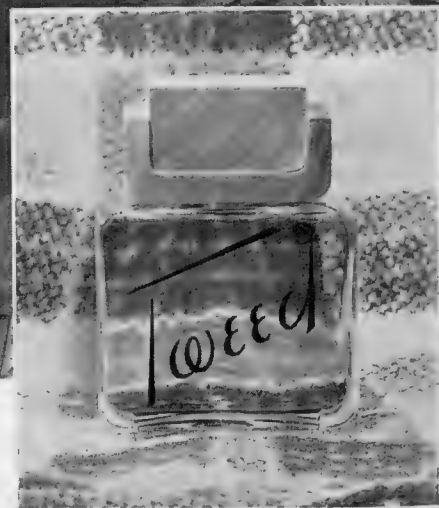


Dorothy Willing

MRS. AUDREY BATTINE—A FAMOUS LADY OWNER

The above picture was taken before Mrs. Battine went East. When in Meerut she gave a big party to over one hundred guests. She has been staying as the guest of the Viceroy of India and Lady Linlithgow at New Delhi and went on to Egypt where she has several race horses in training. Her Reward won two races at Brighton last season and is expected to do well in Cairo

SCENT FOR THE SPORTS- WOMAN



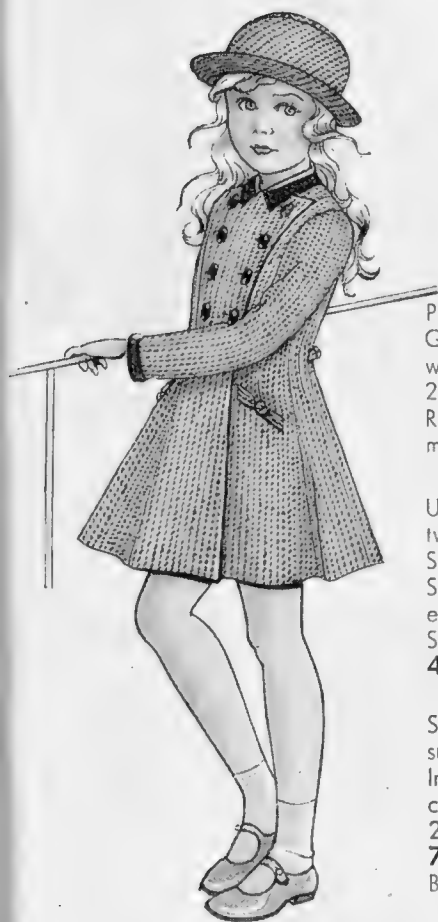
A FEW months ago the word "tweed" signified a material. Today, Letheric have created a scent which bears this name. It is available in two forms, "Bouquet" for daytime use and "Perfume" for when the sun has set. The former is from 7s. 6d. a bottle, and the latter from 12s. 6d. Now, regarding its fragrance, this is extremely difficult to describe. It may, however, be mentioned that it is

something which appeals directly to the woman who revels in sport and the country in general. It is sold practically everywhere in artistic containers. A new note is struck by the Tweeds—petit parfum, an illustration of which appears on this page. A box of twelve is 5s. 6d. The sachet should be crushed between the thumb and forefinger to liberate the delicate fragrance of this perfume. It may be carried in the handbag and is a veritable boon when travelling, or it may be placed among lingerie, handkerchiefs or linen

Children's Coats

by Debenhams

Children's
Department
Third Floor.



Practical coat for little girls of Glendale tweed in green/brown/white mixture. Sizes 20, 22, 24, 26 and 28 ins. Size 20 ins. 89/6. Rising 7/6 each size. Hat to match 35/9.

Useful tailored coat of St. Kilda tweed in brown/oatmeal mixture. Sizes 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 ins. Size 18 ins. 84/6. Rising 5/- each size. Cap to match 19/6. Suit for wearing under this coat 49/6. Rising 5/- each size.

Spring coat of novelty tweed suitable for town or country wear. In soft pottery pink with brown collar and cuffs. Sizes 20, 22, 24, 26 and 28 ins. Size 20 ins. 7 gns. Rising 10/6 each size. Breton sailor hat to match 39/6.

Debenham & Freebody
WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Langham 4444

(Debenhams Ltd.)



One & One
Make Three
In This Long
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A Perfect Coat—
A Perfect Suit—
A Fully Fledged Fashion—

You'll wear them together. You'll separate them on occasions. Can be obtained in shades of Brown, Blue, or Helle. Sketch in Lime Tree Green. Hip 40 inches. PRICE 9 GNS.

SELFRIDGE'S
SUIT DEPARTMENT SECOND FLOOR

to greet the spring



a new fur line—devised in a new wool bouclé, this is the ideal coat for the first cool days of spring . . . one that you'll wear so often later, in brown or black with silver fox, tailored-to-measure - - 12½ gns.

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the new spring collection is now being shown—call at the bond street show-rooms—or write or 'phone for the fashion portfolio. reference tx. 36

Something new is always being produced at Garroulds.

Another new dress is the "Gwendoline," cut from Garrould's exclusive Matalaine of pure Botany Wool. The bodice is semi-fitting on piping cord at waist, and there are two inverted tucks from the neck to the hem of the semi-flared skirt. The new Apron Set is in White Damask Designed Organdie.

Gwendoline Dress.
All Wool Matalaine
29'6

Apron 793 - 2'11½
Set 254 - 1'11½
Cap 507 - 1'6½



Gwendoline

Apron 793

Illustrated Catalogue post free
Uniform by
GARROULD
E. & R. GARROULD LTD., 150-160 EDGWARE RD., LONDON, W.2

OUR **Riding Kit** FOR
LADIES, GENTS AND JUVENILES
IS PERFECT IN STYLE, FIT AND QUALITY
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An inspection of our cloths for building to your measure or garments ready for immediate use will convince you that we can save you money on your outfit. If unable to call, send for catalogue and patterns. Address Dept. 30.

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Ready for Wear 30/-, 35/-, 45/-	All other accessories at equally low charges

Bedford Riding Breeches & Co.
19 NEW QUEBEC STREET MARBLE ARCH LONDON
Two minutes from the Marble Arch

Clear away
CATARRH!
WHILE YOU SLEEP

STOP that clogging, stifling headachy Catarrh by breathing it away with vapour-mediated air. While you sleep Vapo-Cresolene Vapour clears the nose and throat, so that you wake with a clear head, fresh and lively. The simplest, easiest, surest and most soothing way of relieving Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, Allays Infection. From all Chemists.

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL
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CABARET + BUFFET
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FROM USUAL AGENCIES
Or J. A. Hart, 15-16 Farringdon St., E.C.4



Every line of this frock is graceful . . . the soft drapery of the bodice . . . the very feminine touches at the neck and sleeves of the Coatee . . . the long chiffon sash in two colours . . . very concealing. And though her figure will change, this frock will never lose its line. She would have been glad to buy it at twice its price . . . for it only cost six and a half guineas.

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Any book sent free in plain envelope

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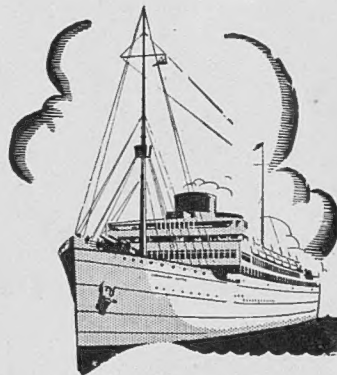
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